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MEMORIES OF ME.

BY ST. ELMO.

When crimson paints the Eastern sky,
And the red sun with glances bright
Looks down from her fair throne on high,
Dispel the dim shades of Night:
And the fair earth awakes once more
To revel 'neath the azure sea,
Wilt dream of days that's gone before,
And sometimes think of me?

Or, when the evening shades draw near,
And shadows creep across the plain:
When fireflies with their lights appear,
Dancing across the perfumed main;
When zephyrs with their soothing kiss
Float out across the waveless sea,
Leaving behind their trail of bliss,
Wilt sometimes think of me?

Or, when the golden stars send down
A line of silver to the wave,
Smiling upon the crowded town,
Where rests the noble, pure and brave;
Where perfume fills the mellow air,
And dewdrops sparkle on the sea,
And all the world is hushed with care,
Wilt sometimes think of me?

The Red Rajah:

OR,
THE SCOURGE OF THE INDIES.

A TALE OF THE MALAYAN ISLES.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,
AUTHOR OF "MUSTANG HUNTERS," "KNIGHT
OF THE RUBIES," "THE CRIZZLY HUN-
TERS," "THE BLACK WIZARD,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN EATERS.

THE hot sun shone out in the midst of a
cloudless sky. The rocks glowed and
scorched in the fierce heat, as they cropped
up here and there from the white sand on
the beach.

The sea outside was as smooth as a mir-
ror. Only the ever restless, heaving "ground
swell" passed silently and mysteriously
along at intervals, and dashed into glittering
foam on the sunken coral reef that encircled
the island.

The sharks stole silently about just out-
side the breakers. You could see the sharp
back fins darting to and fro among some
floating fragments.

Seeing the tranquil appearance of every
thing around that lovely island, you would
never have thought of storm and tempest.
And yet, only the day before, a frightful
typhoon had swept over it with devouring
rage. Those fragments only yesterday
were part and parcel of a noble frigate.
She was dashed to atoms upon the hidden
edge of that terrible reef, only marked now
by that white ripple.

But where are her crew?
Ask those ghastly monsters, skimming sil-
ently to and fro, cutting the golden sun-
shine as it kisses the water.

But, surely, some escaped out of four
hundred brave sailors, instinct with life and
strength?

If so, they left the shore, and we must
follow them.

The mainland, away from the white
beach, was a perfect wilderness of beauty.
Feathery cocoa-palms waved their plumed
heads in the gentle breeze, that now and
then stirred for an instant. Clumps of lux-
uriant bananas displayed their dark leaves
all around, loaded with yellow pods. The
bread fruit stood in little groves. Prickly
beds of pineapples covered the glades.
Gorgeous birds of paradise flitted from
branch to branch, with parrots all flaming
with green and scarlet, and blue and gold
macaws.

The murmur of a little stream, tinkling
over the pebbles, told of fresh water, all
that was needed to complete the paradise.
There, in the midst of a grassy glade,
spangled with bright flowers, was gathered
a group of white people.

It was the little remnant of the crew of
the ill-fated frigate, only five in number, all
told. They were seated on the ground, in
earnest conversation, consulting on means
of escape from the island, and never dream-
ing of the presence of their treacherous foes.

There were three men in the party. The
gold-headed cap of that bronzed, middle-aged
man, of powerful frame, announced him as
one of the officers of the vessel. But his
attire consisted only of the shirt and trousers
in which he had swum to the shore, and
the rest of the party were similarly
dressed.

A venerable old man with white hair sat
next to him. Half clad, and wretched as
was his condition, there was a certain air
about him that spoke of high life.

Next to him was a young man of near
thirty, handsome and well-built, who might
have been any thing, from an artist to a
sailor. Frank and open in face, with a
brow of uncommon breadth and light, his
clear hazel eyes, and brown hair and beard,
made his pleasant face to look at.

Claude Peyton, the young Virginian, was
an amateur artist, musician and poet; a
yachtsman of that daring kind which
America alone produces; who had traveled
all over the world for fun, and sold his little
Baltimore-built schooner at Melbourne for
twice what she cost him. How he had
drifted to the Marquesas Islands, and how
he came to be aboard the frigate "Philo-
mele," (carrying out a new Governor to the
French colony of Pondicherry in India),
time will show.

He was in a hard case now, at all events.
Cast ashore by a tremendous wave the night
before, he had been dashed against a rock,
with so much force as to break two ribs,
and render him incapable of walking on his
bruised limbs without help.

But his eye was as bright and cheerful,
his laugh as gay as ever, although he had



As the white bust of the young man became exposed to view, the chief suddenly started back, with a loud exclamation of wonder.

to lie on his back on the grass; and Peyton
was the soul of the little party still.

The other two members of the group
were women. One was an old French ne-
gress, the nurse and protectress of that
young girl of slender, delicate frame, whose
long black hair the old woman was care-
fully plaiting.

The girl was quite a child, not more than
fourteen at the utmost. Her face was very
pale, the features small, and delicate in out-
line, and lighted up by the most magnificent
eyes ever seen. They were like two dark
lakes at midnight, in whose clear depths the
stars lie sleeping.

The old gentleman was the Marquis de
Favannes, late Governor of the Marquesas
group, under French rule, who had been
promoted to the Governorship of Pondi-
cherry. On his passage thither he had been
wrecked, as we see. The child was his only
daughter, Marguerite, who went with him,
under old Marie's guardianship.

"Ah! captain!" the old marquis was
saying, "if it were only the question of
living here, we need have no fear. There
are fish, flesh and fowl enough for the
catching. But how shall we get away?"

Captain Bonhomme shook his head,
gloomily.

"God knows," he said. "If we get a
chance—"

He had no time to utter more.

An awful cry, a yell, as if hell were let
loose, suddenly broke from the thickets all
round them. Captain Bonhomme leaped to
his feet, with a shout of terror, catching up
a musket that lay beside him.

And! the weapon was empty.

A throng of bronzed figures, brandishing
spears and clubs, came leaping on the glade
from every side; their white pointed teeth
glittering from their dark faces, and utter-
ing appalling yells.

The women shrunk and covered down
into the earth before the terrible onslaught,
but the old marquis sprang up, as active as
a boy, and flashed out a ship's cutlass that
lay beside him.

That and the empty musket were the only
weapons saved from the wreck.

"Drop your arms! Don't resist!" cried
poor Claude Peyton, as he lay on the grass,
unable to move.

But the caution came too late.

A hundred ferocious savages attacked the
two Frenchmen, as they rose to defend
themselves. The burly captain, a man
framed like a Hercules, kept them at bay for
some minutes, fighting like a tiger against
overwhelming odds. The heavy musket-
butt swept the air in circles all round, and
dashed man after man to the ground. But,
while the captain was engaged in front, a
tall savage ran at him from behind, with a
lance of ironwood, whose long, sharp blade
was notched and barbed with sharks' teeth.

Pierced through and through, the un-
happy sailor fell writhing to the earth, and
a dozen clubs descended on his head where
he lay, smashing it out of all semblance of
humanity.

The poor old marquis, fighting gallantly,
was beaten down, dead, at the very begin-
ning of the affray; and a yell of triumph
proclaimed the victory of the savages.

Claude Peyton lay still on the grass by
the females. He expected every minute to
be murdered. But the savages appeared to
be satisfied with slaughter for the present.
A ring was formed around the dead bodies
and the living prisoners.

Claude half raised himself on his elbow,
and watched, with bewildered curiosity, the
motions of the naked demons. They com-
menced a sort of slow dance at once, moving
in time with measured steps. Their fierce
eyes were bent, with a wolfish glare, on the
dead bodies.

Peyton looked round for little Marguerite.

He saw with thankfulness that the poor
child had fainted. She was spared for the
present, the horrible sight that met his own
view and that of old Marie.

The poor old woman, palsied with ter-
ror, crouched over the form of the prostrate
child, gazing stonily on the hideous orgies
going on around them.

Now the chant changed its character.

It became faster and wilder. A single sa-
vage, evidently a chief, moved out from the
circle, and commenced a song of vitupe-
ration, apostrophizing the dead bodies. He
seemed to be reproaching them for their re-
sistance, and heaping contempt on them.

At last, after a long harangue, he uttered
a sudden yell, at which signal all present
united in a chorus of howls, and the circle
broke up.

At the sound of that yell, the child, just
waking up, relapsed into insensibility. The
old nurse cowered down over her charge,
and Claude shuddered.

In a moment more the savages pounced
down upon the survivors of the little group,
and forced them to their feet.

Claude was dragged to a palm-tree, by the
edge of the glade, and secured to it in a
twinkling, with bark ropes. The old
woman and the girl were bound hand and
foot, and thrown down close to him.

Four villainous-looking fellows were left
to guard them, and the rest of the savages
dispersed. The dead bodies of the two
white men, and three savages slain by the
captain, lay in the middle of the little glade,
by the banks of the brook.

"What are they going to do?" thought
Claude, as he stood fastened to the tree.

He had not long to wait before he under-
stood.

The whole band soon came trooping
back, each man with a large fagot of dry
sticks, which they cast on the ground in a
heap.

Then the horrible truth burst on him in a
flash.

The savages were cannibals!

There was no mistaking their intentions.

In a very few minutes a large fire was
crackling and blazing in the middle of the
glade. The hoarse, howling sounds of
conch shells, blown by numbers of people
in the vicinity, announced the approach of
more savages to join the feast. Soon they
came in, from all quarters, men, women and
little, toddling children, all dancing, and
yelling, and clapping their hands for glee.

Just as neatly as professed butchers, the
cannibals proceeded to cut up the bodies,
not only of the white men, but also of their
own slain comrades. The whole crowd
hung around the fires, increasing every mo-

ment. It became evident that there would
not be enough to satisfy them all.

Like hungry wolves, they seized the pieces
of flesh, singed them hastily in the flames,
and tore them to pieces with ferocious avid-
ity. Inside of twenty minutes not a vestige
remained of the bodies, and still the demon-
iac wretches appeared to be unsatisfied.

A sickening sensation of loathing and re-
pugnance overcame poor Peyton, as he look-
ed on, and felt that his turn would come
the next.

The man-eaters began to cast glances to-
ward him and his companions, and then, for
the first time, the young man noticed that
little Marguerite had regained her con-
sciousness.

The poor child lay there, the cruel bonds
cutting into her delicate flesh, her great eyes
dilated with mute terror, and fixed upon
the grim forms, dancing with devilish glee.

"Oh! my God!" groaned poor Claude,
utterly overcome, "must that pure, delicate
little being suffer such a horrid fate?"

The girl heard his ejaculation, and un-
derstood it, though he spoke English. Mar-
guerite de Favannes was a great admirer of
the handsome young stranger, who was so
kind to her all the voyage. Child-like, she
thought he could do any thing.

"Oh! Monsieur Claude," she murmured,
"where are we? Where is papa? What
are those fearful men doing? Don't let
them hurt Marguerite!"

Claude broke down with a great sob.

"God help us all!" he said. "I am as
helpless as you, little one. I fear we are
doomed!"

Even as he spoke, a great clamor arose
among the savages, who seemed to be dis-
puting some point with much anger. From
the frequent pointing toward the prisoners,
Peyton concluded that they were agitating
the question of their death. He did not
dare to tell Marguerite. The poor child
was blessed in her unconsciousness.

There is something so repulsive to the
nature of man in the idea of cannibalism,
that the poor fellow's soul seemed to sink
within him, when, at last, a deputation of
hideous, tattooed demons approached, and

began to examine the prisoners, as if to select the fittest.

They passed contemptuously over the old negroes. One of them uttered some jest about her leanness and toughness, probably for the rest laughed boisterously.

They did not seem to pay much attention to the child, either, and Peyton felt relieved about her immediate fate. But they stopped opposite to himself, and examined him with great apparent satisfaction.

The head chief felt his arms and ribs, and nodded approvingly, while he expatiated on his good condition.

His comrades assented gladly, and the chief cut the prisoner's bonds and signed to him to step out. Alone, badly injured, and totally defenseless, Peyton had no choice but to obey. He hobbled forward, with difficulty, and the chief laid his hand on his arm, and signed to him to strip off his shirt.

The young man hesitated. He felt that he was to be slaughtered, and yet he hardly liked to assist his butchers.

The chief stamped his foot angrily, and signed to him to pull it off. Peyton stood mute and still.

Muttering some furious words, the savage laid his strong right hand on the other's collar and tore the shirt open with a single wrench. As he did so, and the white breast of the young man became exposed to view, the chief suddenly started back, with a loud exclamation of wonder, at something which he saw. He fixed his eyes on the broad breast of the prisoner, and, calling to the rest, pointed out to them a strange figure traced thereon, in blue lines.

Peyton stared stupidly at the savages. He could not comprehend what was the matter. What was his surprise, when the chief prostrated himself at his feet, and the whole assembly of savages followed the example!

A moment before they would have devoured him as their prey. Now they were worshipping him as a god!

And what had caused this sudden change?

An idle device, tattooed by a school-boy brother, more than twenty years before, by the banks of the rushing Rappahannock. A rude sketch of a palm-tree, with a snake coiled around it, tail in mouth. The ancient emblems of life and eternity they were. How well Claude remembered that day, when his wild brother Clarence, full of some book of Egyptian mysteries he had been reading, would hear of nothing but tattooing the sacred device on his breast. Poor Clarence! Wild and wilful even—was he yet alive? He had not seen that brother for twenty long years now, when he left home in anger.

And now, Clarence's queer freak was the means of saving his brother's life. This device seemed to have touched some mysterious cord in the breasts of the islanders.

He heard them discussing the matter in their strange Polynesian language, of which the only word he understood was the phrase frequently repeated of "Taboo—taboo."

He knew that that meant "sacred," and comprehended that something had made him so in their eyes.

The chief called out to some one in the rear, and a little, dark-skinned girl came forward with a long mantle of tappa, or native Polynesian cloth, which she offered to the astonished Peyton in lieu of his torn garments.

Observing that the young man could not walk from pain, the stalwart Polynesian knelt down at his feet, and made signs that he should ride upon his shoulders.

But Claude, overwhelmed with sudden honors as he was, had not forgotten his friends. He was resolved to save the orphaned child from the horrible fate that awaited her, if the thing was possible. He hobbled forward to her side, and stretched out his hands over her, crying, as he did so: "Taboo—taboo."

He had heard that a thing might be tabooed so.

But an universal cry of dissent showed him on how slender a thread his own safety still hung.

The savages refused to taboo the girl.

What was to be done? He could not leave the little one to be devoured. While he hesitated, the stalwart islander made signs to him again to mount on his shoulders. The faces of the crowd around again grew dark and menacing. Claude took his resolution.

He took the child, and lifted her in his arms, hugging her close to him, so that his body sheltered her from them all.

"Kill us both, then," he said, doggedly, in English, as if they could understand him; "one taboo, taboo both."

Something in his attitude and defiant look seemed to make them hesitate.

It was only for a moment, however. The next strong hands tore the shrieking child from his grasp. He was lifted by main force on the shoulders of the huge savage, who ran off with him as if he were a child.

He saw the little girl dragged into the center of the glade, and the uplifted clubs ready to take her life; and then occurred an interruption so sudden and unexpected that he hardly believed his eyes.

A line of men, all glittering in gold and scarlet, came leaping and bounding through the trees, with a shrill yell, driving the naked savages before them like sheep. The gleaming of steel weapons, and the cracking of fire-arms, told that the newcomers were of a different race from the dark Polynesians.

The latter did not seem even to think of resistance, for they dropped spears and clubs, left their helpless female prisoner behind, still unarmed, and fled into the interior of the island, bearing with them only the tabooed white man, to whose possession they appeared to attach a mysterious importance.

CHAPTER II.

THE RED RAJAH.

LITTLE MARGUERITE was hardly conscious of what was passing around her, so terror-stricken was she. She saw, one moment, hideous naked forms, tattooed with blue marks, with diabolical faces, surrounding her with uplifted clubs. The next moment she was left alone. The savages were running like frightened deer. Then there came a rush of more men round her, and the poor child fell on her knees, knowing that they would kill her. She closed her eyes, expecting every moment to feel the blow. But none came.

She opened them to gaze timidly around, and they met those of a very tall and singularly handsome man, who stood close to her, regarding her with a fixed gaze.

The stranger, like all of the men around,

was clad entirely in scarlet and gold, and his costume was extraordinarily rich. He was armed like all the rest, and wore his hair long and flowing.

But poor Marguerite noted nothing in particular as yet. All she was conscious of was that wild men, with dark, fierce faces and long, streaming black hair, were all around her, talking in some strange language that she could not understand; and their chief stood with his strange eyes fixed on hers in a manner that made her tremble. She was like the bird under the gaze of the serpent, powerless to move. Her own dark eyes, unconsciously pleading and pitious, were riveted on those of the chief, as she knelt there with clasped hands.

What was her amazement, then, to be addressed by this wonderful-looking chief in her own language, spoken with perfect purity.

"What is your name, child?" asked he, in a voice of singular depth and sweetness. Marguerite hardly understood him yet, she was so bewildered with terror. He smiled kindly, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Fear not, little one," he said; "you are among friends now. What is your name?"

Marguerite looked up in the stranger's face. It was one of those dark, handsome, wicked faces, that a fallen angel might have worn. But now, with the smile that lighted it up, it looked so beautiful and grand, that the simple child thought it perfect. All her terror seemed to vanish, under the magic influence of that single glance. Without knowing how it came about, she had told him her name, and all her little history, up to the time of the attack of the savages. More she did not know. She was quite unconscious of her father's horrible fate.

"And who are you, monsieur?" she asked him, at the close of her little tale, to which the other listened attentively.

The stranger drew himself up proudly. A smile lifted his long, drooping mustache, as he answered:

"I am a man of whom half the world hereabouts talks as a prince, the other half as a devil. If you wish the name I go by, here it is, written on my dress, and that of my crew. I am THE RED RAJAH."

Marguerite did not understand him, but she said nothing. She looked around her with more confidence, however, and beheld old Marie close to her, on her knees, gabbling over her prayers as fast as she could, with her eyes closed, evidently expecting immediate death. Her young mistress went to her, and roused her with the assurance that they were safe, while the Red Rajah was speaking to one of his men.

The man saluted respectfully, and replied in a few words. The Red Rajah turned to the girl.

"Your friends are all dead, I think," he said; "and you had best ask no questions about them. They are dead, and you are left alone. You must come with me."

The girl did not burst out crying as he expected. The poor child had suffered too terrible a shock to leave her the power for that. She only turned to him pleadingly.

"Oh! monsieur," she said, "I knew it. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"You will come with us," was the reply. "I will take you to my home, where the paradise bird flutters among the palm trees, and the flowers bloom all the year round. There you shall be the queen of a thousand slaves, and the wealth of the Indies shall be poured at your feet. Will you come, Marguerite?"

His great dark eyes became strangely soft and luminous as he spoke, and his voice was like the cooing of a dove. But something in the expression of his face disturbed Marguerite. The innocent child hardly knew whether to be attracted or repelled by this man. She clung closer to old Marie, as she timidly said:

"Thank you very much, monsieur. But I would rather go to Pondicherry, if you please. I have an aunt living there, who—Please, monsieur, please let me go to Pondicherry, dear monsieur."

The girl turned her large liquid eyes on his, imploringly. Her long, silky black hair hung down on each side of her poor little pale face; and she might have melted a heart of stone. The Red Rajah looked at her fixedly, out of his glowing eyes, for a moment. Then he patted her shoulder encouragingly.

"Very well, little one," he said; "you shall go there, after a little while. But you must come with me now. Come."

As he spoke, he offered her his arm, with a courtly grace a king might have envied.

Marguerite took it timidly, and walked beside him, while old Marie hobbled behind. The Rajah gave some orders to his men, who ran ahead through the woods in great haste, to cut a path for their leader with their chopping-knives.

The Rajah and his young companion then moved leisurely forward through the woods, till they reached the summit of a long ridge, that ran down to the ocean from the interior of the island. Marguerite uttered an involuntary cry.

"Oh! how beautiful," she exclaimed, as her eyes rested on a small semicircular bay, glittering in the rays of the sun, with a surrounding beach of snow-white sand. Little sparkling wavelets kissed the shore with a low, murmuring noise. The hills sloped gently down all round the bay to the edge of the shore. The graceful, drooping heads of cocoa-palms, the feathery tree-ferns, the lofty durian-tree, and hundreds of trees and vines of different kinds, lent an air of luxuriant richness to the scene. Seagulls were wheeling to and fro all over the bay, which the rising land-breeze was just beginning to rustle.

Close to the shore, and inside the encircling reef, which was cut here by a channel, lay three strange-looking vessels. Marguerite and the Rajah, proceeding to the beach, entered a canoe and were paddled to the largest of the vessels, where the polite Rajah handed her to the stern, and placed her on a softly-cushioned seat over the poop-cabin. From this position she could see the whole interior of the vessel, and a singular craft it was. Being exceedingly narrow and sharp, the war-boats could never have stood up in the seas and storms of those latitudes, without assistance. This was afforded by a second vessel, as it were, attached to one side of the war-boat, by two strong, heavy beams, of an arched form, like the flying buttresses in a Gothic church. This second vessel or outrigger was a long stick of timber, carefully pointed at both ends, so as to offer the least possible resistance to the water, and shaped like the war-boat itself. The outrigger beams were nearly twenty feet long, and the leverage afforded by them enables these sharp ves-

sels to stand up under all sail in very heavy weather, by sending some men out on the outrigger to balance the boat with their weight.

The Rajah stood near the girl on the fighting-deck, superintending the watering of his vessels. The last load had been taken aboard and stowed, and the men were hoisting in the canoe, when a shout from the outside vessel caused the chief to turn sharply to the horizon outside.

"*Busar prahu,* Rajah! Busar prahu!*" shouted a tall man, evidently commander of the furthest vessel from the richness of his attire, pointing seaward.

The Rajah looked fixedly in the direction indicated. Marguerite's eyes followed his, and she beheld on the horizon the well-defined sails of a large ship. The Rajah spoke to a pretty Dyak lad who stood by, and the boy dived into the cabin behind. He reappeared with a beautiful double-glass of the best London make which he handed to the Red Rajah. The chief took it, and inspected the stranger long and keenly. When he lowered the glass, there was an ugly look on his face, such as Marguerite had not seen yet. He had looked like a fallen angel before. The devil traits began to darken the haughty beauty of his face now.

He closed the glass and gave it back to the boy. Then, raising the whistle to his lips, he blew three short, quick puffs into it, that proved the signal of activity.

The instant they were heard, the crew rushed to their work like a hive of bees. The long cables, made of the ever-useful rattan, which supplies the place of cordage in the Malay Archipelago, were hauled in, and the anchors brought on board. The latter were made of ironwood, the crooked fork of a tree being chosen. Indeed, everything on board the native war-boats is made of wood, lashed with rattan. Not a single nail is used anywhere.

Marguerite beheld with astonishment the process of making sail. Instead of masts, there were three triangles, formed of stout, heavy spars, lashed together at the top, the ends resting on heavy blocks of wood under the bulwarks. These triangles could be raised or lowered at will, and were soon hauled up, and set on end, raking forward. There were two of them on each vessel, which were erected in about a minute.

Each of them supported a yard of immense length, made of bamboos spliced together, on which a triangular sail of coconut mat was spread. The butt of each yard was hauled down to the deck, the lofty peak of the lateen sails mounted in the air, and permitted to put the first question, skinned out of the little bay, through the opening in the coral reef, and stood out into the open sea. The others followed immediately after; and as the sun was now fast declining, the breeze freshened.

The war-boats drew swiftly out from the lee of the land, and, as they did so, hoisted their jibs, and shaped a course toward the strange ship.

The speed with which the pirate cruisers cut the water was amazing. The swiftest yacht would have had no chance with them, on account of their peculiar model. Like a racing shell, they offered hardly any resistance to the water, and yet the steady properties of the outrigger rendered them "as stiff as a church."

The Red Rajah walked the deck of his vessel, his eye glancing from the stranger back to his own deck. He had forgotten all about the presence of the child he was carrying off, and was only intent in his prey. The strange vessel was heading up, laboriously, toward the island. From the general clumsiness of her appearance, as they saw her more plainly, she seemed to be a Dutch vessel. The bluff bows and steep sides, the short masts and squat-looking sails were sure indications of the phlegmatic Hollander.

The Rajah saw that the Dutchman was in his power. He had the weather-gage in the first place, and could sail three or four miles to windward of the pirate.

He had not been half an hour on the seas when the stranger's decks became plainly visible. And yet the Dutchman, although he saw the war-boats, seemed to have no alarm about them, but held on his course steadily, till the pirates were within half a mile of her, when the ship suddenly wore round and showed them her stern, going off before the wind.

A simultaneous yell from all the pirates announced their appreciation of the tardy compliment to their prowess, when the Dutch vessel spread her sternsails below and aloft, and made the best of her way to the south-east.

But all the sail she could crack on could not make her a match for the swift war-boats of the pirates, who came up, hand over hand, on either quarter.

The Rajah's war-boat was within a cable's length in less than a quarter of an hour, when the chief sounded his war-whistle again. At the signal, over two hundred active forms leaped upon the fighting-deck from below, and a tremendous yell rent the air. At the same moment, the three long swivel guns, with which the pirate was armed, went off on the deck below, and a shower of grape-shot and pieces of iron flew all over the Dutchman.

But there occurred a transformation in the latter so sudden and amazing as to awe even the dare-devil pirates for a moment.

A screen of canvas, ingeniously painted to represent the clumsy outline of a merchant-ship, was dropped from all along the sides of the strange vessel, and the black hull and grinning ports of a man-of-war became visible to the astonished Malays.

"I thought so," muttered the Red Rajah, fiercely, to himself. "But you let us get too close, Mynheer, before you showed your teeth."

And he spoke the truth.

Even while he was talking, the corvette (for such she was) put her helm a-starboard, and came sweeping broadside to the Malay war-boats. But the latter were close to them that the salvo of artillery which roared out now was well-nigh ineffectual. Nine out of ten of the shots went overhead, and made havoc with yards and sails.

Now the Red Rajah showed in his true colors, and deserved the name he bore. At a puff of his war-whistle, his own masts and yards were sent down on deck in an instant, and the war-boats ranged up alongside of the corvette. A dozen huge hooks flew through the air, and caught in the chains of the stranger, grappling war-boats and ship in one deadly embrace.

The Red Rajah himself was the first to spring up the corvette's side, kress in hand. His dark eyes were blazing; his long hair streamed behind him, far below his shoulders; the cloth of gold and scarlet of his

"A large ship, Rajah! A large ship!"

rich dress glistened in the sun, and he wore in his belt a pair of revolvers, perhaps the first ever seen on a Malay prahu.

With a yell of ferocity, the whole crew of the Rajah's vessel came swarming in at the open ports and over the bulwarks of the corvette, only to be received by a discharge of fire-arms, so close and deadly that the pirates recoiled before it for a moment.

The next, headed by the tall form of the Red Rajah, they closed in a desperate hand to hand fight, kress against cutlass.

(To be continued.)

The Mustangers:

A TALE OF THE CROSS TIMBERS.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.
AUTHOR OF "HEADLESS HORSEMAN," "SCALPHUNT-ERS," "A LONG RANCHER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTEER V.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

COLONEL MAGOFFIN and his party had all dismounted, and were preparing their encampment for the night, when they saw two horsemen approaching over the plain. The sight of strange men—either afoot or on horseback—is one always to be treated with suspicion upon the prairies; and the colonel, following his usual custom of cautiousness—taught him by his military experiences in the early Indian wars—had directed those with him to have their weapons in readiness.

But, as the horsemen appeared to be making approach without any show of either stealth or distrust—moreover, as on coming nearer, it could be seen that their skins were white—all suspicion was dispelled; and the emigrants awaited their arrival on the ground only with feelings of curiosity. They had been traveling for days without having encountered a soul, and they had no expectation of meeting white men in that locality. Colonel Magoffin, twelve months before, had made an exploratory visit to the Cross Timbers; the result, being his determination to settle there—which he was now carrying out. But he had heard of no other settlers having preceded him; and, therefore, the presence of white men in the place needed explanation.

As they came near, however, he guessed, from their dress and accoutrements, who—or at least what—they were. Trappers or hunters their garb proclaimed them. He was not permitted to put the first question. The older of the two took the initiative by halting in a loud voice, as he rode forward upon the ground:

"What air ye, anyhow?" was the blunt interrogatory of Wash Carroll, as he slung his diminutive carcass out of the saddle, and stood confronting him who seemed the leader of the party—Magoffin himself.

"A straight question," replied the colonel; "and to give a straight answer to it, I may tell you that we are settlers in search of a location."

"An' whar do ye purpuss to katin'?"

"We've half made up our minds to stop here—on this very spot."

"Ain't that no more o' y'ur party?"

"No more than what you see."

"An' no more a-goin' to jine ye?"

"No—not that I know of."

"Stranger! this chile don't want to 'pear impertinent; but he w'd ask ef ye hev kalkerated the danger o' muddin' a settlemint hyar?"

"Danger? Of what?"

"Injuns, in course! I tell ye, mister, thar's a putty bad lot o' red-skins jest rovin' about these hyer Cross Timmers."

"How is it you are not afraid of them—you and your comrade? You live here, do you not?"

"Me an' my kumrade—yes. That's rather diffrent. Me an' my kumrade don't need build a big house, thar kin be see'd twenty mile across the prairie. Besides, me an' my kumrade ain't got much thar. Injun'ud think worth while to take away from us—only our skulps, an' them we've to look arter right sharp, I tell ye. Then, Injuns don't so much mind the like o' us thar air hunters. W' settlers they feel diffrent—knowin' thar the settlements air death to th'ir huntin'-ground. Stranger, it air altogether diffrent. We hain't nothin'—whar as, ye hev somethin' a paraire Injun'ud be likely to covet, an' sartain to try to take away from ye, ef he do."

As the old hunter uttered these words, he glanced significantly toward the two girls, who, at that moment, had just stepped from the Dearborn, and stood blushing—like two grand, beautiful flowers of different species, that, by the touch of an enchanter's wand, had just sprung into life, and fresh blooming upon the prairie.

Even the old hunter, who had so lately forsworn himself against all womankind, could not help gazing upon them with admiration; while the glance of his younger comrade, after straying ultimately from one to the other, at length became riveted upon the Creole; and for some time remained so—as if he had lost the power to withdraw it.

There was no rudeness in the act, and none intended. It was only an involuntary yielding to the fascination of beauty; all the easier for the young horse-hunter, who, for a long period, had looked upon no female face of brighter hue than that of an Indian squaw.

As he at length desisted from his gaze, and turned unwillingly away, Edward Thornley felt in his secret heart that, from that hour, his heart's tranquility—of which he had so lately boasted—was gone, in a second of time.

Colonel Magoffin understood the hunter's last words. He could not help understanding them—nor did they fall upon his ear without giving him a certain feeling of uneasiness. It was a thought that had not before occurred to him, for while quelling on the dangers to which he might be exposed in the remote wilderness of the Cross Timbers, he had based his calculations on the belief that it was not uncommon for parties of white men—as small, or even smaller than his—to traverse this district of country, without fear of danger. He had himself done this but the year before, and met with no molestation from the Indians. True, these parties were all men; while that now with him, was very differently composed. The horse-hunter's speech had therefore caused him some apprehension; but in order not to alarm those to whom the allusion referred, he affected not to comprehend it in its full sense, and simply said, in reply:

"I think, sir, there's not so much danger; and we'll be able to take care of what we've brought with us. We're not many in

numbers—that is, the whites of our party; but my darkies are all trained to the handling of other weapons besides the hoe. There isn't one of the lot that can't make good use of a shooting-iron. I picked them out for that; and it'll take a strong force of red-skins to give us any trouble."

Something like a sneer passed over the face of the old prairie-man, while the expression upon that of his younger comrade seemed to say: that in case of attack from Indians, or any other enemies, the new settlers could count at least one man added to the number of his defenders.

"The Indians out here are reported to be in peace now," pursued the colonel, in an interrogative strain. "So it was understood, upon the Red River, when we left. I hope nothing has transpired to the contrary?"

"Oh, nothin', as this chile knows on," replied Carroll. "Only that there peeces air like pie-crust—easy broke. It air 'bout as much to be depended on as a large pile o' cobwebs for the holdin' o' a bull-buttler. They'll break it, jest like the snappin' of a pipe-stem, whensomiver they see fit, an' whensomiver thar's anythin' to tempt 'em."

Again the old hunter gave a significant look toward the young ladies; who, fortunately, otherwise occupied, did not observe it.

"Are there any Indians immediately about here?" asked Colonel Magoffin.

"Not jest immediatly. 'Bout twenty mile furrer down the Timmers, on the bank o' this hyer stream, which is one of the heads of the Trinity—thar's a when. It's a small band of the ole Floridy Seminoles, thet's strayed from the main tribe, arter comin' out hyar in the Resmiration. They go rovin' about, unner a chief, they call Tiger Tail—an' all o' a tiger air thet same young savage. They fut up 'bout a hundred an' fifty—men, weemen an' childer. The weemen an' childer ye mayn't see much o'; but the men air here an' thar all the time, an' may come across ye at any minnit. So I guess ye'd better keep y'ur eyes skinned fer 'em, an' hev y'ur shootin'-irons along w' ye—whursomiver ye go."

"We shall take care of that," replied the planter, in a tone of confidence, intended to reassure such of his following as had overheard the previous conversation.

"Whar' mont ye hail from?" asked the old horse-hunter, becoming a little mollified in admiration of the cool courage displayed by the new-comer.

"Tennessee."

"What mont be y'ur name?"

"Magoffin. I am usually called Colonel Magoffin."

"Kumel Magoffin! Ye ain't any kin to a Looenant Magoffin, as served w' old Hickory in the Creek wars, an' ag'in the Britishers, at Noo Orleans?"

"I fancy I must be the same. I don't remember that there was any other officer of the name in General Jackson's army."

"Why," exclaimed the mustanger, springing forward, and grasping the planter by the hand, "kin ye be thet Looenant Magoffin? Yes, you air! I now remember ye. Don't ye recollect me? Ef ye don't, it shedd'n't be the ugly cut across my cheek as shed hinder ye. I got it while savin' y'ur own self from the tomahawk o' a big Cherokee Injun, in the fight o' the Horse-shoe Bend!"

"My God! Wash Carroll, is it you?" cried the colonel.

In another instant, the old horse-hunter w' off his feet, raised aloft in the arms of the stalwart Tennesseean; who, for some moments, held him in fraternal embrace.

All upon the ground—black as well as white—gathered around, to witness this scene of unexpected recognition; while the two young ladies, imitating the affection of the colonel, lavished kind words on the strange individual, whose not very prepossessing looks had hitherto held them aloof.

As Edward Thornley stood looking on, he would have given all his share of the captured mustangers for one of those sweet glances cast upon his comrade by the young Creole girl—whose name he now learned to be Louisiana Dupre.

He felt—as did Colonel Magoffin—that if any danger was to be apprehended from the Indians, the new-come colonist would have another arm besides his own, and another rifle upon which they might rely.

As soon as the excitement caused by this unexpected recognition had, to some extent, subsided, Wash Carroll now deeply interested in the welfare of his old friend—commenced, more gravely, to counsel him.

"He's a mighty bad sort o' a Injun, is Tiger Tail," said he; "an' a bad lot thet's w' him—wuss even than the Kimanach themselves, w' whom he's in a kind o' league. His band's composed o' a when o' young fellers thet war too wicked to keep the kumpany o' thar own tribe, on the Resmiration. Never mind; since ye're out hyar fur settlin', you must make the best o' it, an' I'd recommend ye to begin by first buildin' a block-house. Arter thet, ye kin set up y'ur shanty, an' the other fixins. I reckon, colonel, you know how to put a block-house together?"

"I should know," answered the Tennesseean. "There is one still standing by the old homestead I have left. I know the pattern well."

"All right! Me an' Ed Thornley'll come over, an' gie ye a heist w' it. We're out hyar hoss-huntin', an' hev jest druv a fresh cayward inter the trap. Soons we've see'd them secure, ye may expect us. Thar's an other fellow along w' us—though he ain't much account. 'Bout the site o' a block-house, thar's a bit o' gronn' ye can't ezy beat—jest thar, close by the bank o' the creek, whar thet grove o' timmer stands. Them trees'll gie ye logs enuf, 'thout any toatin'; an' a well sunk inside won't need go any deeper than the water in the creek. Besides, as ye see, the bank's steep jest thar. I'll purtect ye on one side; an' ye kin set up a stockade, torst the paraire."

"I shall do just as you say, Carroll."

"Wal, kumel, take my advice furrer, an' don't dale out 'bout it. Git y'ur axes inter them trees, first thing ye think o'."

as their lot's tamed. I don't go with them—I daren't. No. There are people from Louisiana—settlers—coming in every day. I'd be sure of meeting some old face—some sharp eye to recognize me; and then—those accursed Regulators! What am I to do? Stay here all my life—an outcast upon the prairies? To think I am forever separated from her—she for whom?" He stopped abruptly, and looked apprehensively round, as if he feared some one might hear him. After a short silence, however, he burst out with an expression of intense longing: "Oh! could I only have her in my arms for a single hour, I would risk all—even the rope."

"Can I not go back to Louisiana, and live there in disguise? Why not? My beard would do something toward it. But no. It needs money to keep out of every one's sight—and money I haven't got. Never will I have it, by such a paltry trade as this—catching horses, at ten dollars a head."

"Stay, there's a better scheme. Fanning has told me of it. He intends joining the Comanches, for a raid over the Rio Grande that gets plunder, and might yield riches. It is said that some of these Mexican *hacendados* have large sums of specie in their houses—gold and silver plate. I've more than half a mind to join Fanning and his freebooting band. It only needs to change the color of my skin—not much, at that."

"By heavens! I'll do it. Once in possession of money, I can go anywhere, and do any thing. That is the true giver of disguises, and the means to act under them. This fellow—Thornley—has some cash. He'll buy my share of the captured mustangs; and then let them take them to a market. I'll stay with Fanning, and with him go over the Rio Grande."

These were the thoughts of Louis Lebar—or the man who so called himself—as he sat by the wild horse-coral, awaiting the return of his fellow mustangers.

Not long after, though much later than he expected, they made their appearance.

"You did well to come at last," he said, gruffly. "What, in the name of thunder, detained you?"

"Oh! if you'd been with us, you'd have seen something would have detained you," replied Thornley, good-naturedly. "A pair of pretty girls is a sight one don't see every day, out here by the Cross Timbers."

"There are some pretty girls in the Seminole tribe. You haven't come across them, have you?"

Lebar said this with a sneer: as much as, that he himself was the favored party in that quarter.

"I'm not speaking of squaws, Master Louis," retorted the mustanger; "but girls with a white skin, young ladies—angels, Carroll, here, would call them. Wouldn't you, Wash?"

"Durned if I w'dn't; an' durned if I w'dn't. Ef they ain't angels—both on 'em—this chile never set eyes on an angel."

"Ed Thornley, you and Wash Carroll have made up your minds to have a joke on me. I'm not in much humor for it, till I've had something to eat. After that, I may be better pleased to listen to your chaffing."

"Eat, then!" said Wash, handing the Louisianian a wallet containing some corn-cake and cold roast turkey. "But that ain't no chaffin' 'bout it. It air a true story—jest us Ed says it."

"On honor, it's true, Lebar. We have seen what we say."

"When, pray?" demanded the hungry hunter, commencing an attack upon the provisions; which seemed to put him in a better humor. "I'm ready to hear your explanation."

Thornley gave it, by detailing the encounter on the prairie with the party of newly-arrived settlers.

"Where are they from?" asked the Louisianian, after listening to the first few particulars.

"Well," said Thornley, "although they're all one family, they are from two different States. Some of them are from Tennessee—and some from Louisiana. By the way, Lebar, as you are a Louisianian, you may know something about them?"

Lebar did not need this question to excite his curiosity. It was already excited, by hearing the word "Louisiana." For him that name had a terrible significance.

"Louisiana's a large State," he said, preserving an air of indifference; "and there are thousands of people in it I know nothing about. If you can tell me the name of these people, who have seen fit to leave it, perhaps I could then say whether they have ever been among my acquaintances. You heard their name, I suppose?"

"Well, that we didn't—at least I didn't—not the party from Louisiana. The gentleman at the head of the party gave us his name; but he is a Tennessean, and an old friend of Wash here, who can tell you all about him."

Lebar looked, inquiringly, toward Carroll. "Oh, yes," drawled out Wash Carroll; "this chile air not only acquaint' w' his name, but a good deal o' his history; an' can satisfy that both air a honor to Tennessee. I fit alongside o' him, an' alongside o' ole Hickory, in the Crik an' Cherokee war; an' in them thar skirmishes that w'n't neery one thet stud better up to the scratch than Loojennut Bill Magoffin—now Colonel Magoffin, o' the Tennessee militia."

It was fortunate for Louis Lebar that the sun had by this time set, and the shades of night were around them. It hindered his two companions from observing the deadly pallor that overspread his face when the name of "Magoffin" fell upon his ear. And yet, Wash Carroll noted a trembling in his voice, and the assumption of indifference in its tone, when he asked, more mechanically than otherwise:

"Colonel Magoffin, is it?"

"Yes, siree," replied Wash; "that is the person."

The conversation dropped. The three men, wearied with their long horse-chase, and the working it had entailed, by common consent wrapped themselves up in their blankets, and lay down under the shadow of the trees, to seek sleep.

To all appearance, they were not long in finding it—despite the neighing of the captured steeds, and the barking of the prairie wolves, who prowled around the coral.

CHAPTER VII.

A STEALTHY RECONNOISSANCE.

Of the three mustangers two of them were asleep, almost on the instant of lying down. They were Carroll and Thornley. Sleep came suddenly, after the long spell of wakefulness, rendered necessary during the drive of the mustang herd.

Just then there was no repose for Louis

Lebar. He had taken a nap, during the absence of the others, which had, to some extent, refreshed him. It was not this that kept him awake, but a wild tumult in his soul, caused by what his companions had communicated to him. He had not questioned them very minutely about the personal of the emigrant party. He was afraid of doing so lest he might arouse some suspicions.

Although night had come on during the conversation, and they could not note the changed expression of his face, his voice had trembled and he knew it. It had done so from the moment of his hearing the name "Magoffin."

He had laid himself down at some distance from the other two. He did not wish his recumbent attitude for long—only long enough to assure himself that both were buried in sleep, which he could tell had taken place by their sonorous snoring. Then he rose silently erect, permitted the blanket to slip down at his feet, and, stepping forth from its folds, strode off, crouching, through the trees.

On getting to the outer edge of the grove he stopped for a second or two to reflect—or rather to guide himself as to the direction he should take.

It was the camp of the colonists he intended visiting. He knew the locality in which it had been pitched. In a few words Carroll had described the place. It was not over two miles off; and there was, therefore, no need for him to take his mule. He could walk with ease the distance—foot—moreover, the animal might betray him, for the visit was to be one of stealth.

In a short while he had taken the bearings of the ground, and into the starlight he started across the prairie.

"Magoffin!" he muttered to himself, as he strode on. "They had an uncle of that name, somewhere in Tennessee. It must be they! An uncle from Tennessee, a young lady, his niece, from Louisiana, and the other girl her cousin. I've heard she had too strange. The coincidence would be too strange. It must be they. It can not be otherwise."

"Is it the hand of God—or the devil? If it be Louisiana Dupre, one or the other is on my side. If it be she, one or the other has delivered her to me at last. By heavens, it seems too strange for belief!"

He strode on till a light sparkled before his eyes. He knew it was the camp-fire of the emigrants, kindled among the trees. There was a "spinet" of timber along the bank of the stream, and entering under this, he proceeded on in silence.

He soon came in sight of the encampment. He saw the white canvas-tiles of the wagons, showing gray under the starlight, with the animals standing around them.

The fire was a little apart, and blazing brightly. Its flame fell upon a circle of faces. Men and women—all whites.

Another fire was near, encircled by black faces and burly forms. They were the negro slaves. It was still early, and they were occupied in the cooking of their supper, the planter and his family having finished theirs.

Lebar dropped upon his hands and knees, and crawled nearer. The trunks of the trees and the shadow of their foliage overhead gave him security from being seen. It was only necessary for him to avoid making noise; and this precaution he successfully observed. Gliding silently on, he at length drew near the fire, sufficiently near to enable him to distinguish the faces.

Among the rest, he saw one that sent the blood in wild current through his veins—that of the woman he had long loved, and to whom he had hopelessly succumbed.

Lebar covered behind the tree-trunk, looking upon that pale, beautiful face.

It seemed almost a fate—one of those dark destinies that must be fulfilled—and as the spy stole away through the trees, and back to the sleeping-place of the mustangers, his whole thoughts were altogether occupied in contriving the means by which it could be shaped to his own end.

That night nothing could be done; and he lay down again on the spot from which he had risen—neither of his companions having suspected his absence.

Even his wicked spirit could no longer resist weariness, and he soon fell asleep, despite the shrill, wild neighing of the mustangs—wilder at finding themselves restrained from the free range of their prairie pastures.

CHAPTER VIII.

A VILE BARGAIN.

"WHAT brings the Black Mustanger to the Seminole camp at this late hour of the night?"

"He comes to do the Seminole chief a service."

"He is welcome at all times—more so, when he brings with him a favor. What is it?"

"Tiger Tail wants a squaw?"

"He has many."

"Not any that are white."

"No; they are all of his own race and color."

"Tiger Tail has told me of his desire to possess a white wife."

"He will give an hundred horses for such an one—that is, if she be young and beautiful."

"He may have one that is both, and without giving a single horse for her."

"The Black Mustanger's words are pleasant to the ear. When and where can this treasure be obtained?"

"Almost at any time—and not far off."

"But there are conditions. There is danger to be encountered?"

"There are conditions, but not much danger."

"Will the mustanger explain himself?"

"He will."

The chief, who was already smoking, took the pipe from his mouth, handed it to his visitor, and then, filling another for himself, assumed an attitude to listen.

The mustanger continued:

"This day there has arrived out here a party of whites, bringing with them about an equal number of negroes. They are emigrants from the States, who intend making a settlement not far from this place. I have not seen them myself, but my comrades have, and told me of the spot where they've made their camp, and intend building a house. What's more, from the description, I know who they are. Now, chief, you have promised me your friendship—you have sworn it."

"Tiger Tail will keep his oath," grunted the Indian, taking the calumet from his mouth, and making a cabalistic sign with his right feather-adorned stem.

"I know it," continued the mustanger;

"and will trust to you—for you, also, will have a reward in that which must be done. What I want is this: that you, with your band, attack this party of emigrants; kill every white man of them—about the blacks it don't matter—and carry off the two white women as captives."

"There are two?"

"Yes; both young girls—both beautiful; one of them to be the wife of the Seminole chief."

"And the other?"

"My wife—or what you may please to call it. 'Tis for that I seek your aid."

"The Black Mustang has seen this pale-faced girl before?"

"I have: seen her, and loved her. She has been the curse of my life. For her sake I have committed crime; I love her still, and will commit other crimes to possess her. You, chief, will assist me?"

"She must be very beautiful."

"She is."

"The more beautiful of the two?"

"Not in your eyes, chief. I know that you have told me you wanted a white squaw—one with the red on her cheek, and the golden sunlight in her hair. She has not that; but her cousin has—for the two are cousins. I shall have no fear of being jealous, for I know which of the two will attract Tiger Tail."

"The Black Mustang speaks fair. If it be as he says, there need be no jealousy between us. It shall be as he wishes it. What action will he counsel?"

"Go with your band to the encampment of the whites. There see for yourself, and make your plans as they appear best. First, speak to them fairly; there is no need for haste, as they've come here to form a settlement. I must not be with you—nor must either of my comrades suspect any thing of our design. They know nothing of my past life, or that I ever met these people before. If they knew that—and something besides—I should be shy about going back to them. We have just trapped a drove of wild horses, and to-morrow intend taming them. At that, I shall go on with them all the same, and, when it's over, return to this place, and hear what the Seminole chief thinks of this scheme which I have proposed to him. Tiger Tail will then tell me what he thinks of her with the roses on her cheek, and the sunlight in her hair. When he has once seen her, I know he will want her, as much as I do the paler lily by her side. Chief! are you agreed?"

Another grunting exclamation—with another cabalistic movement of the plumed pipe-stem—told how consonant was the infamous proposal to the feelings of the savages.

His visitor did not spend much more time in the tent; only a few minutes, given to further explanations. Then, remounting his mule, he rode back to the coral, where his companions were still sleeping.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 31.)

Adria, the Adopted:
The Mystery of Ellesford Grange.

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "BRANDY," "SEA HARVEST," "NYPHILIS'S BRAVERY," "ETC., ETC."

CHAPTER XIX.

EX-DETECTIVE KERR sat by the quaint old side-table in the arched chamber. At his own request, this room had been deputed to his use.

He had already made a close, and, as he believed, thorough examination of every article of furniture the room had originally contained, without much hope, indeed, that former searches and the lapse of time had escaped any important discovery. Still, he was slightly disappointed when, his scrutiny ended, he found himself wiser only in regard to the substantial make and superior quality of the articles.

The contents of the wardrobe were duly overhauled, but the few rich robes and dainty laces revealed no peculiarity which might lead to the identification of the one who had worn them. The two handkerchiefs presented a clue more tangible, which the ex-detective awaited only a plausible pretext to follow.

Just now he was engaged upon a matter which drove from his thoughts all remembrance of the Ellesford mystery.

Several slips of printed paper were spread out before him, and a few written sheets, all relating to the same subject, of which the condensed contents of one slip will give an inkling:

"MURDER AND ROBBERY (KILLED IN DEFENDING HIS OWN PROPERTY), ETC.—The double outrage, unmistakably committed by the well-known and daring foreign burglar, Pedro Cardini, alias Rake Snelling, alias Dick Brown. Description: Medium height, thin and wiry, eyes, hair and complexion dark, face badly scarred; teeth even and white; forehead low and beetling; etc., etc."

Ex-detective Kerr was conning these different papers carefully over and comparing their minutest details. This done to his apparent satisfaction, he refolded them in a secure packet and placed them in an inner pocket.

"I have no fear of mistaking my man," he said to himself, very softly. "I think I should know him in the dark."

He spoke softly, because he had proved, during his experience, that walls sometimes have ears, but he brought his hand down upon the table beside him, by way of emphasis. Possibly the action was made with reference to effect; at all events, it struck the table's edge, glancing ungracefully and with tingling sensation over the sharp carving below. He was naturally a hasty man, but now he repressed the imprecation which rose to his lips, and, bending forward, closely scanned that portion of the pendant side. He had felt something give beneath his touch.

His fingers successively sought every protrusion in the grotesque work, and his diligence was richly rewarded. The cormorant's eye yielded beneath his pressure. A little drawer shot out from the apparently solid wood-work. With methodical precision he drew forth and examined its contents—merely a small roll of yellowed parchments.

Whatever surprise he may have felt over his perusal of their contents, his placid countenance expressed none. He quietly placed the documents in the same receptacle which had swallowed up the former packet, shot the little drawer, now empty, back into its place, and went to find Miss Walton.

She was alone, and apparently absorbed

in deep reverie, but roused herself to greet his entrance with unusual graciousness.

"We women are fickle creatures, Mr. Kerr," she said, after some commonplace observations. "I have changed my mind about wishing to penetrate the mystery attaching to our house. It was merely a woman's whim, as I told you at first, which I was induced to follow from idle curiosity. But I shall claim you as my guest until your private mission to the vicinity has been accomplished."

His inscrutable gaze rested for a second upon her likewise inscrutable face.

"You are fully satisfied, just as matters stand?" he asked.

"Entirely. In fact, I think I prefer the mystery. It gives the place an air of interest it would not otherwise possess."

He bowed silently, and the subject was dismissed.

Miss Walton exerted herself to the utmost to please her guest. She talked vivaciously, chaining his attention, if not his mind, until the dinner hour. After that she led him back to the cozy parlor, where the blazing fire sent flashes of ruddy light into every corner. Installing him in the easiest of easy chairs, with the genial warmth about him, she seated herself at the piano and played pieces after piece in that minor key which pervades the air with a somnolent influence akin to the soothing effects of a self-voiced lullaby.

No doubt Mr. Kerr, being no longer a young man, would have succumbed to the potent spell, had it not been for a withdrawing influence.

He was an inveterate snuff-taker, and had, unfortunately, forgotten his box of Macaboy upon the table in his room. He sought in vain to shake himself, but Valeria's assiduous attentions prevented his momentary absence. So the ex-detective leaned back in his velvet-cushioned chair, longing intensely for his favorite relish, and mentally inveighing against the whim which had suddenly invested him with so great importance.

There was a sound of scurrying feet in the passage-way, and the housekeeper appeared in the doorway, with cap awry, and dire consternation depicted upon her countenance.

"What is it, Davis?" inquired Valeria, sharply. "I gave you my orders, I believe."

"Oh, Miss Walton!" cried Davis, unmindful of the implied reproof, "if you please, miss, there's a strange man in the house. I was a-coming from the left wing, in by the little porch-way, and through the hall, when I run slap ag'in him. Oh, dear! and the silver isn't put away, and those careless maids a-chattering, dear knows where."

"Nonsense! you were frightened at your own shadow," declared Valeria, angrily. "You should know better than to come with such a silly tale. Mr. Kerr, I beg of you, don't let this disturb you! My housekeeper is developing a brilliant imagination."

Notwithstanding her evident annoyance, Valeria went out into the hall, and demonstrated, to her own satisfaction, at least, that Davis's apparition had been conjured through aid of Mr. Kerr's overcoat, thrown carelessly upon the rack.

"Go back to your duty, and let me hear no more false alarms," she said, accompanying the command with a significant look.

Mr. Kerr, taking no fright from the alleged proximity of a strange man, gladly hailed this episode. It gave him opportunity to steal, unperceived, away in quest of his Macaboy.

The Grange, not falling within limit of gas-corporations, was lighted by more primitive means. A great chandelier, swinging in the main hall, sent its gleams far back into minor passage-ways. With no other illumination, he made his way toward the arched room.

His quiet footfall gave back no echo. The door swung noiselessly beneath his touch, and he paused one second transfixed with astonishment.

A dark form bent above the little table, across which a single shaft of light was thrown. There was no sound, but some innate sense must have told this figure that an intruder was present. The dark lantern flashed its light suddenly on every side, then was merged in total darkness.

The same instant ex-detective Kerr found himself sprawling in the center of the floor, and heard the click of the key in the door by which he had entered.

"Neatly done, by Jove!" he whispered, admiringly, as he picked himself up from his lowly position. "That back-hand stroke would assure me of my man had I caught no glimpse of his features."

And Mr. Kerr proceeded coolly to possess himself of his snuff-box, still upon the table, then groped his way to a glass entrance door. He knew the uselessness of giving alarm. His man was safe out of the way for the present, he was convinced, but let him make the next meeting.

The following morning Adria did not appear, but Valeria silenced all conjectures by announcing that her companion had left on the early train for Washington, from which she had received communications from one of her mother's relatives, offering her a temporary home. Miss Walton added that she could not censure the girl for accepting this offer. No doubt the constant reminder of old associations rendered her late situation at the Grange less pleasant than it might otherwise have been.

CHAPTER XX.

WHILE the ex-detective was leisurely recovering from the assault made upon him, Adria sat in her own room in a distant part of the building. Her deft fingers were busy darning a rent in a costly lace set belonging to Valeria. The accidental tear had occasioned the latter considerable vexation, and she thankfully accepted Adria's offer to make it good as new again.

The work fell from her hands after a time completed. The ragged edges joined so neatly that the tiny stitches seemed but a continuation of the broader pattern.

A slightly pungent odor, not unpleasant, filled the room, and Adria found herself growing consciously drowsy. A listless desire for complete inaction, a wish to float away to the misty dreamland closing in around her. She thought she saw Kenneth there beckoning her to come, then he seemed beside her, his footstep sounding in her ear, and then she lost her vague imaginings in utter unconsciousness.

Luke Peters, at her side, dropped the handkerchief saturated with chloroform he had been applying to her nostrils. Throwing a warm shawl about her, he caught her light weight in his sinewy arms, and with stealthy, cat-like tread, traversed the pas-

sage-way, then paused a second to reconnoiter.

A woman's garment rustled by him, and a voice whispered:

"All is safe; but you must hasten. Did you succeed?"

"Couldn't have done better," he returned, in the same tone.

Clearing the lighted hall with a couple of noiseless springs, he let himself out at the great entrance door.

A moment later Valeria's fair hands locked and bolted it behind him. Then she went back to the parlor all aglow with ruddy light, and her self-imposed task of making herself agreeable to her guest. Mr. Kerr, snuff-box in hand, and gently tapping its flagstone lid, looked the picture of unconscious complacency, and smiled appreciation upon the entertaining efforts of his young hostess.

Adria came back to half consciousness and a sensation of painful lassitude; but fancying herself in her own bed, she only turned her head wearily and drowsed into oblivion again.

The gray dawn of early morning faintly penetrated those great garner in the old mill when she awoke. The narrow limits of the unfamiliar apartment dimly traced through the semi-obscure, startled her into a belief that she was still dreaming. Shaking off the impression, she arose and examined the place with a mingled feeling of wonder and dread.

It was exactly similar to the one in which Nelly Kent had found herself, and had been fitted by Peters for his own occupancy.

Adria was alarmed, and for the moment awed. How had she been spirited away from her room at the Grange to this strange place? She tried to recall any action of her own which might have led her there, but memory paused at the moment when her finished work fell from her hands. But, stop! Some half-tangible recollection struggled slowly into her mind. The odor—the pungent inhalation—the half-recognized presence beside her, what were they? A suspicion of the truth, glimmering and uncertain, impressed her.

Her head throbbed with pain, and her brain whirled dizzily, as she moved about these were gradually away. She beat upon the rough planks with her bare hands, and called loudly to be released. Only an echo shrieked back at her, and her delicate hands grew sore and bruised from contact with the boards. Once she fancied she heard low moans, and the sound of footfalls, but listening distinguished but the beating of her own heart.

It seemed to her that hours had worn away when the door was opened, admitting Reginald Templeton, but it was still morning.

He had hastened to the mill thus early in the day to make certain of his victory and her helplessness.

She shrank back at sight of him; then her outraged pride came to the rescue, and she confronted him with just anger.

"Was it your doing that has subjected me to this insult?" she demanded.

"Forgive me, Adria; but you left me no gentler measure. Can not you see that it is a humiliation to me as well as yourself to be driven to this course? I would have preferred a straightforward wooing."

"This is an ungentlemanly and ungenerous act," she said, "and one which would not tend to advance your cause were I even inclined to favor it. I demand an instant reparation. Release me; do not seek me again, and I will strive to forget the occurrence."

"I have acted from no passing impulse, Adria. This consummation has been studiously contemplated and carefully carried into effect. You will never leave this place until you have consented to become my wife!"

Her eyes flashed angrily.

"I forbade you once, Reginald Templeton, uttering such sentiment to me. If I am powerless to protect myself from your insults, there will come a time of reckoning, and with one less disposed to be lenient than I am now."

"That is—?" he questioned, scornfully.

"One whom I shall be proud to acknowledge my liege! He to whom I consider myself truly bound as though our marriage rites had already been pronounced. One whom I respect and love with my whole soul—Kenneth Hastings."

A low, sneering laugh escaped his lips.

"The false lover who deserted you in your hour of need? He who would have wedded you for your fair estate, but turned cold when your adversity came? Is it loyalty to his fickle memory which will cause you to throw aside my love, tried and true?"

"You speak falsely," she asseverated.

"His true heart can know no change."

He regarded her with mocking complacency.

"Ah, he has shown his fealty! He has sought you in your sorrow, has assuaged your grief! He has offered to share with you his home, lowly though it be—or lacking that, he has written of his haste to build up a nest for his lone bird! Ah, yes! he has proved himself loyal and true."

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Our Arm-Chair.

Who Was the Author?—The recent death, in this city, by suicide, of Major W. A. Sigourney—a son of the late Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney—has once more raised the question who was the author of the poem, "Beautiful Snow?" The major vehemently claimed it as his original conception, and the melancholy circumstances which impelled its composition seemed to reassure his claim to the authorship. His beautiful wife became a victim to drink and led an outcast life. She was found dead, one winter morning, buried in the snow; and, burying the remains of one he had never ceased to love, he soon produced the poem, "Beautiful Snow"—a pathetic refrain for the lost one.

This is his own and his friends' statement of the case. But, a volume, "Beautiful Snow and Other Poems," is soon to issue—comes forward with the rather conclusive argument of priority of publication, and asseverations of its long previous composition—a claim which certain accompanying circumstances seemed to substantiate. So the question is still an open one—"Who wrote the Poem?"

The Queen Discrowned.—The recent discovery of more "diamond fields" in South Africa, bids fair to give the precious stone a new injury, by making the game more common and therefore cheaper. The manufacture of "paste" diamonds to which we recently adverted, has brought so much discredit on the true stone that it has, for a few years past, been regarded as evidence of shoddy to display a fortune on the person, exciting, as it now is sure to do, a suspicion that but few of the stones are real. As an instance:

Prof. Eggleston (an excellent authority) was shown in Paris last year a bill of 500 francs, paid by an American lady, who is famous for her diamonds, to a manufacturer of bogus gems. His opinion is that this lady has two or three real diamonds, and that the rest, which would be worth \$1,000,000 if real, could all be bought for the 500 francs.

The new "finds" in South Africa, may so cheapen the native gem as to render it unnecessary for shoddy to resort to paste. Alas, if the diamond must be discarded as the Queen of Gems, and made to take its place beside or below the ruby and pearl! Such surely will be the case if the stories are veracious that come to us from Cape Town.

T. De Witt Talmage's Alarm!—There is a book in press, soon to be announced, which will make a somewhat startling exposure of the evils of society, and the snares that beset the steps of men and women who can at all be tempted to swerve from the paths of moral rectitude. The dreadful prevalence of evil, in certain alluring forms, especially in our cities, is enough to alarm every right-minded person. There is, as it were, a tainted atmosphere which all those who live in large towns seemingly must breathe.

Too long have pulp and press been silent over these insidious demoralizers; and thinking so, the noted T. De Witt Talmage has entered the list to grapple with these elements that are slowly but surely disintegrating our social purity; and, by unmasking them, to show the true nature of the evil which surrounds us, and which, to the unwary or reckless, are sources of almost irresistible ruin.

This volume is significantly and properly called *THE ABOMINATIONS*, and, coming down to enliven a hand—from one who so fully knows of what he speaks—it will command widespread attention. That it will do immense good is certain. To the young and the middle-aged men and women who constitute "Our Society," it will prove particularly pertinent and suggestive.

Pretending Respectability.—A contemporary says:

"Silver coffin trimmings are hired out for private funerals in Lewistown, Me., to be returned after the ceremony."

Well, what of it? It is no worse than any other of the thousand and one humbugs of pretense that are so common in our midst as to be regarded as a matter of course. The effort of the person of small income and limited means, to vie with his richer neighbor in outward appearances, is tending thousands of men to ways that are dark, and making most wretched many a family which ought to be happy in its limited but respectable income. Where it will end, who can tell? Happy indeed is he or she who can so far brave the tongues and eyes of society as to defy "appearances" and live contentedly on the modest salary.

TWO SIDES.

TOWN VS. COUNTRY.

WHEN Mrs. Tiptop returns from the country, where she has been passing the summer, with her family of four children, she sends forth the following wall:

"Well! I hope never to see the time again when I'll have to put up at a far-

mer's house through a summer. The women never dress as we do in the city; it is all calico gowns and faded sun-bonnets. Then they have red-hot faces, and great brawny arms, that look as if they could fell an ox. No romance to them—every thing so matter-of-fact.

"If my children do come in from their innocent play, and bring a little dust, how the women do flare up about tracking mud all over the house!

"When I was so sick, and felt as though I wanted a fresh egg every hour, the woman had the impudence to tell me that the hens never laid so often!

"I never could have their horse when I wanted it; somebody was always using it. The farmers would come in, and sit in their shirt-sleeves at meal time, which made me feel very faint.

"How funny the children did look, when they got the old clothes I paid for the sif, and rigged up! I thought I should have died laughing, but the woman didn't seem to think it quite so funny, but farmers' wives can't be expected to appreciate a joke as well as their betters.

"I wouldn't have such a temper as Mrs. Barstow's for my life, and just because Johnny, my little pet, frightened one of her tow-headed children. Any one could see at a glance she wasn't bred a lady. Then, that widow woman telling me her troubles! She didn't get any thing out of me.

"I feel that the money I paid Mrs. Barstow must have been a God-send to her, and she ought to consider it was a lucky day we went to board with her; but, I'll never go there again—never!"

Now for Mrs. Barstow's side of the story:

"I don't think I shall ever want to take a lady with children to board with me again.

"I don't wonder I'm always seen with a hot face, when I have to stave over the first day; for, with all Mrs. Tiptop's pretence at delicacy, she had a most voracious appetite. She wanted so much waiting on I never had time to change my dress, and I'm not going to do cooking in my best clothes.

"After I got the house all cleaned up, and looking neat, her four boys must go tramping over it and make it look like a pig-sty.

"She actually seemed to think the cows ought to be milked every five minutes, and the hens ought to lay just when she wanted an egg.

"I wonder if she thought we could give up having just because she wanted the horse?

"She said she didn't like to see the men at the table in their shirt-sleeves. Put her to work, all day, under the hot sun, and see if she wouldn't be glad to do so herself, if she was a man!

"Her children got hold of mother's dresses, that I've had put away ever since we put her in the grave. It seemed like a mockery to the dead, to see those children running round in them; and they made a great tear in them, too.

"I put up a little pile of nice eggs and butter, and sent them by my Charley to poor widow Ashland; but, just as he was crossing the bridge, one of Mrs. Tiptop's boys came behind him, and, giving him a scare, made him drop all the things in the river.

"What with the breaking of crockery, soiling of carpets, and other things, I shan't make a cent out of taking them. This money will only about clear me. But, I'm bound to make widow Ashland some kind of a present. Mrs. Tiptop calls herself a lady. Well, she may be; but it was an ill day she took board with me. I'll never take her again—never."

You have heard both sides of the story, and I consider comment to be unnecessary.

EVE LAWLESS.

A PULL AT THE POETS.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

DREADFUL fellows these poets are. Always misrepresenting things. Little or no reliance to be placed on any thing they say. Goldsmith tells us of "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," carrying the idea that the place is mainly inhabited by carpenters—men of the plane. Auburn is chiefly noted for its State prison. *Sweet Auburn*, indeed!

"Not a drum was heard, or a funeral note," wrote Wolfe, narrating the funeral of Sir John Moore. How can we rely upon his report of that funeral, when he didn't take a funeral note?

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear," sings Tennyson, in the *May Queen*. Now, why not call for Wade Hampton or Stonewall Jackson as well as Early? Fact is, this was before the war, and Early wasn't heard of. When the little girl was dead, it was time enough to *coo* her.

Longfellow writes a poem and names it after Dan Rice's celebrated "trick-horse," "Excelsior." He misrepresents things in the very first line, for he says, "The shades of night were falling fast," when it is a notorious fact that window-shades were higher that year than they had been for a long time, and were still going up. If we can't rely on Longfellow, what fellow can we depend upon?

Tom Moore sings, "The harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed," but neglects to state whether the harp, after shedding music's *sole*, was decent enough to get music reshed. Perhaps, though, "music shed" was a slang phrase applied in Moore's day to a concert-saloon.

It was a cruel jest on the part of Cowper to make Alexander Selkirk exclaim, "I am monarch of all I survey," when Selkirk didn't understand surveying, and hadn't any surveying instruments if he did. Cowper can't sell me, although he did Selkirk.

I was at some pains the other day to hunt up the homestead of the man who wrote "Old Oaken Bucket," and found there wasn't a well on the place. They brought all their water from a spring, in a tin pail! He must have had an iron bucket, or science or a moss-covered memory, to write as he did.

The author of "Casablanca" tells a pitiful story, how "The boy stood on the burning deck," when it was only a burning *deck of cards*. He couldn't have "stood" on that, only he had a good hand to stand on.

Even Byron could write some absurd things. For instance, his lines to Tom Moore—

"My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea."

Of what use is a boat on the shore, unless it is a stone-boat? Queer way to announce that he had a bad cold, by saying, "My

bark is on the sea." Why didn't he stay at home, and bark it out on dry land?

Campbell opens out: "On Linden, when the sun was low," but don't tell us who was high, Jack and the game. He was right, though, about the game being "on Linden." Campbell's rhetoric is faulty, for, in the first verse, he changes his figure from a card-table to a ball-alley, when he speaks of "Is rolling rapidly."

Campbell also records, in verse, the elopement of Lord Ullen's daughter with an oil prince, known as "Chief of Ulva's Isle." He relates how Ullen's hired men chased them on horseback for three days, and yet begins the poem, "A chieftain to the Highlands bound." Now, if the chieftain was bound to the Highlands, how could he have effected that three days' flight? He was bound fast to his girl, more likely, for in the third verse we read:

"And fast before her then's men
Three days we've led together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather."

For exposing a delicate young lady in a leaky ferry-boat, on so inclement a night, the chieftain should have been fined in the police-court, even if they hadn't "find us in the glen."

But, these poets are so visionary. They are wholly unreliable, and they mix things up dreadfully.

Foolscap Papers.

A Visit to the Moon.

I HAVE devoted several years of my life to the perfection of a telescope of great power and glory. Last week saw my efforts crowned with success. To test it I brought it to bear upon the moon and was greatly surprised to see that it actually drew that luminary to within a few yards of the earth. In my delight at this success I hurried and in a sixty-two and a half foot ladder, fixed the instrument securely so it would not allow the moon to slip back; placed the ladder against said moon, and, after a few moments of inspired climbing, I walked along the street of the principal city in the Luminary in triumph, the observed of all observers, for this was the first time that any earthly mortal had ever landed there, although a good many earthly poets had got pretty near it in the course of their up and down lives.

It was not until after my first surprise was over that I noticed the people all wore their faces on the back of their heads. This was explained to me to be on account of them all having highly poetical temperaments which originally turned their heads; this compels them to walk backward, and looks rather droll to anybody but them.

Their mode of salutation is a kick; the harder the kick the greater is their respect for the receiver. It looked strange to see two persons in passing stop and kick each other. This unusual spectacle I noticed all about the street. They don't mind it any more than we do shaking hands. But the crowd soon began to thicken around me, and bestowed on me more kicks and harder than it was ever your dearest desire that your meaneast enemy should receive. They were very glad to see me. Too much so.

They talk very high English, but every thing they say means exactly the reverse of what it does with us occupants of a lower sphere. Where they shout "you are a liar!" they mean, you tell the truth. It was some time, and not till after I had inadvertently knocked several of them down in telling them how I got there, before I found this out. Another peculiarity in their conversation is that they talk out of their ears.

During a walk as I was passing an inclosure I heard the most hilarious laughter. To see what was the cause of so much fun, I climbed up on the fence and saw, in a graveyard, a large crowd of people burying a man. When I asked why a funeral made them all so jolly, especially a young woman, who seemed to be the widow, I was informed that was the way they mourned for the lost. I then reflected that, in our land, some widows mourn in the same manner, only not so loud.

They expressed their good humor in tears and sobs. I found this out when I told a little joke to a small crowd, which set them all to crying as if their hearts would break.

A person there don't generally die all at once. Sometimes a leg will die, or both, or an arm, or a head, while the body will live, and the man still be able to walk around and tend to his business.

A man's brother there is only his father's grandfather's daughter's son's boy, and his sister, in the eyes of the law, is nothing more than his mother's father's daughter's child, as the case may be or may not. Sometimes it may be that a man is his own son-in-law, or his son-in-law's granddaught, and his uncle is often his aunt by marriage, while his grandmother might never have been born.

When they go to bed they tie their night-caps around their feet and put them on the pillow.

They talk in the most outrageous terms to their neighbor's face; they bemean him to every thing, and call him the most degraded animal alive or dead, but the neighbor takes it all in perfect composure, for every thing here means just the opposite. Oh, that I were allowed to talk in that manner to my neighbor! Wouldn't I tell him just what I think of him? Well, I would! and, when I'd get away, wouldn't I write him a note and tell him I meant just exactly what I said without any prevarication? I think so! As it is, my neighbor objects even to me calling him an old fool!

They treated me to a drink of their favorite beverage called, for short, *Bmdphgknbgz*. I immediately threw a double summer backward, trotted half a mile on my hands, rode back astride of one of my ears, stood up on my head with both feet, slid down and got into my vest-pocket, and danced on one eyebrow, willing all my earthly possessions and my family to the inventor of that great drink that intoxicates but not inebriates. It was very lively. At least, I thought it was.

They had always looked upon the earth as their moon, and had never supposed it to be inhabited, but thought it was made of green cheese, without even skippers in it.

The people wore shoes on their hands and gloves on their feet. The females had beards, and the males none. They lived in frame houses, built of stone, the roof at each corner being supported by a column of water. They breakfasted at night and took their supper the next morning, eating on common tables turned upside down, and drinking water through their noses.

I was obliged to borrow enough money to get back on; I slid down on a moonbeam.

WASHINGTON WHITEHOIRN.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only when stamps accompany the enclosure, for such return.—Books and postage is two cents for every four lines, or fraction thereof, but must be marked "Book MS." and be sealed in wrapper with open end, in order to place the mails at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS.; as "copy," third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it in folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

Will try and find place for poems by G. H. S. They all breathe a spirit of tender pathos that strikes well for the young writer's success. But, make haste slowly!

Can also use, some time, poems, "Wedding Wishes," "Thy Will be Done," "A Rainy Day Psalm," "Spice Islands," etc. Sketches, "Robbie's Cave," "Specter Canoe," "Prophet's Rock," "Did She Change Her Mind," "The Two Thanksgivings."

The three MSS. by Miss S. M. T. we hold for further consideration.—Ditto the serial by Mrs. M. H.

Have written Mrs. P. P. St. John.

CLARISSA HARLOW will please call.

The note referred to by Henry F. we dispatched properly to the lady addressed.

We can not use "Avenge," "The Challenge," "The Pearl of the Mountain," "My Broken Ark," "Miss Griffin's Wish," "Aunt Charity," etc., "Philip, My King," "A Thousand and a Year," "Life in the Barnyard," "Burial of a Soldier," "I Would I Were a Beauty," "A Ten-mile Stretch," "Not at Home," "Clara, the Cretin," "Be Jolly, Boys."

LATIN S. No such weekly as *The Rover* published in New York. It expired over a quarter of a century ago.

J. BLANCHARD. We should say call your *Surprise Club*, "The Welcome Wagon," of which the first lady friend who was lately surprised and who regarded the thing as very *unwelcome*. A surprise party must be conducted with great discretion so as not to be an annoyance and *malapropos*.

W. E. H. Can't say if Mr. Aiken belonged to the club named.—The *Revolutionary Story* is on file for insertion, in due season.—Thank you for stopping all the other weeklies to take the *STAN JOURNAL*. We know of a great many others who have done likewise.

C. A. W. We can not write to you, especially as you ask us to pay our own postage to do you a favor.

Can make no use of the MS. "Aunt Charity Clicker on Women's Rights,"—of which the first chapter only is submitted. We never give any consideration to portions of a work. The MS. must be complete to secure attention. The better the composition submitted, in this case, we may say—it will not do.

J. B. H. Will try and use "Bonquet of Books" in the *Our Own House* department, if the MS. is very well told and we will find room for it. We do not know the name of any Temperance paper.

L. W. McQ. Mr. Albert W. Aiken does extend his tour through the West and East, each eye twice or thrice daily with a weak solution of brandy in water, and forbear all reading of small print, or reading by night.

P. P. H. Beadle's *Dream-Book* is one of the best ever published. It is no mere "clap-trap," but a unique exposition of dreams and their causes, together with a Dictionary of Interpretation. The poem, remitted by G. P. H., may be original, but we prefer an assurance to the effect that it occupies its place in our columns. It is a very admirable composition.

T. B. Westcott. We know of *nothing* that will remove the root of the beard. Plucking it out does no good, for the seed capsule or initial germ is indestructible unless you strip away the skin itself. Let your beard alone, is our advice.

J. L. P. Can not give you the "opinion" asked. We are not teachers. Hand your work to some good judge near at hand, and do not hope for much success in authorship if you are now employed in the ordeal of experience, which every successful author has had to bear.

N. O. R. Do not send to us what you can immediately dispose of elsewhere, save the mass of manuscripts offered compel us to put many things on the time list—to be used only when opportunity offers. Send us, of course, what you deem your very best, but consider that it must "take its turn" in consideration.

EFFIE C. A wooden wedding anniversary is the fifth year's anniversary. It is then proper to present any thing in wood—from a clothes-pin to a house.

ELIZA C. D. asks if we approve of women seeking places in the Government offices at Washington? And why not, pray? Women are so useful in all sorts of positions in the Departments—as sorters and counters in the Finance bureaus—as accountants, etc., etc., that they save a vast amount of money to the Government by their presence. It is a mistake to suppose that they are in making out the schedule of bonds, which save the Government from the register's office, where they are sent to be verified, in more than two years. About seven hundred women are now employed in the Government offices at the Capitol, and their number will probably never be less.

JAMES W. W. There are many private families in New York city, as well as in all the other cities of the country, who have billiard-rooms in their houses. Though a game not generally played by ladies, still it is one that many of them have taken to, and we can certainly see no impropriety in a lady playing billiards at her own home, or the house of a friend.

GROVER FALKNER. You ask "What is really considered plagiarism?" The plagiarism of stories and sketches in literary journals, is very prevalent among certain young aspirants of both sexes, for literary distinction. For instance, some aspiring young writer will read a sketch and take it for the plot of a story, and in writing, his *effort* will adhere closely to the original, changing dates, scenes, etc., etc., and then forward the MS. with the belief that he is the author! This is a plagiarism. Another style of plagiarism is to "mix" together, in stories, poems and sketches. Frequently, however, an author may repeat unconsciously, and be accused of plagiarism when none is intended.

GEORGE HENDERSON. You are asked to ascertain whether you have any real literary ability, by writing a number of sketches in your best vein, and then forward one or more to each of the literary journals with which you are familiar. If any are returned to you, as unavailable, you may fairly infer that your talent is not in story writing.

CHARLES MAYO. A military style of hat has been very fashionable this season. The military style is stiff rim, soft top to indent—a *la mode* "Brigand"—and a black cord. This style is becoming to most gentlemen.

POLITICIAN. Every American who thoroughly desires the good of his country should consider it his duty to vote at elections. Otherwise, the official positions will be filled by foreigner—American only by adoption—and our Government will have no rulers who are natives of the soil and to republican institutions.

WARRICK. If you have five years to decide upon your future occupation, whether you will study a profession or become a merchant, and you are now sixteen, the best thing to do is at once to commence hard study, and, by the time you are twenty, you will have received a good education and can then be better able to judge what you are best fitted for—a professional career or a mercantile one.

CHARLIE VANCE. A riding-whip is a very pretty present to give to a young lady, especially as you say she is a fine horse-woman. It depends entirely upon the position in which you give her the whip, whether you give her a ring or not. Books are also presents that may be bestowed as birthday gifts between friends.

MINNIE P. Valued cloaks are very fashionable this season for ladies. They are made in several different styles, and by a promenade down Broadway, upon a fine afternoon, you can easily discover a pretty style for a pattern for your own.

MABEL. Shakespeare was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, on the 23rd day of April, 1564. His father's name was John, and was a dealer in wool, and in his younger days had been an officer of the corporation of Stratford. His mother was the daughter of Robert Arden, of Wellington, in the county of Warwick. The illustrious poet died at the early age of eighty-two, Anne Hathaway, who was eight years his senior, by whom he had two daughters and one son. He was educated at the school in Stratford. He died on his birthday, April 23rd, 1616, making him just fifty-three years of age, and was buried on the north side of the church in the great church at Stratford.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

THE LEAFLESS WOODS.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

All lonely, through the leafless woods,
When Autumn bleak resumes her reign,
I stray to hear the trees complain,
But, in their sighs of mingled grief,
My heart, alas, finds no relief.

The sun shines where each gloomy shade
Throughout the summer long had been,
Where leaflets thick and green forbade
His radiance to enter in.
I would my heart's yew-tree were bare,
That bright-faced joy could enter there.

All lonely, through the leafless woods,
Where summer flowers drooping lie,
I sit me down where solitude's
Enchanting moments calm the sigh
That fain would weigh upon the heart,
And there its pang of woe impart.

The summer bird's deserted nest
Now hangs all bleak neglected there,
High in the tree's light bending crest,
And chilled by Autumn's hazy air—
To-day my heart's a fall of woe
As nests shall be of winter's snow.

All lonely, through the leafless woods
My homeward steps I slowly bend,
And, oh, the dreariest of moods
Thro'out my frame a sadness send—
The mounds of the Autumn breeze
My prisoned woe can not release.

The Dark Secret:
OR,
The Mystery of Fontelle Hall.BY COUSIN MAY CARLETON,
(MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.)

CHAPTER X—CONTINUED.

On the floor lay Augusta, prone on her face, her whole form writhing like one in unendurable agony, her long, wild, black hair streaming, unbound, around her, her hands clenched till her delicate veins stood out like whip-cord, every motion quivering with unbearable torture. Startled and alarmed—albeit both to her were unusual—Jacquetta went over, and, catching her arm, exclaimed:

"Augusta!"

With a fearful shriek and maddened bound, she was on her feet, confronting her—her beautiful face distorted with anguish and remorse—her whole countenance so altered and terrible that Jacquetta involuntarily recoiled a step as she beheld her.

"Augusta! Augusta! Good heavens! What is the meaning of this?" cried Jacquetta.

But Augusta, with a wild, moaning cry, sunk down on a seat, and, with a convulsive shudder, hid her face in her hands.

"Augusta, my sister! tell me what has wrought this frightful change in you—once so calm, so proud, so queenly!"

"GUILT!" cried Augusta, dashing away Jacquetta's clinging hand, "guilt so black, so foul, so horrible that the very fiends themselves would shudder at it; guilt that it would curdle your blood, freeze your heart, blight your soul to hear; guilt, the very name of which—if I name it—has—it would bluster and blacken my lips to utter! Go—leave me! I ask nothing—I want nothing, but to be alone—and die!"

And with a cry of despair, she sunk down again, shuddering, and collapsed.

Jacquetta stepped back, and calmly regarded her.

"You are insane, Augusta, or in the delirium of a brain fever. I shall send for a doctor."

"Oh, leave me! leave me! leave me!" moaned Augusta, in a dying voice.

"Not in this state. I will stay with you until you come to your senses," said Jacquetta, sitting down.

The inevitable determination in her voice seemed to pierce through every other feeling in the reeling brain of Augusta. She lifted up her face, and, with a suddenness that was more startling than her former paroxysms of anguish and despair, rose calmly and haughtily to her feet.

"Will you leave me, Jacquetta? I wish to be alone. Go!"

Augusta, let me stay! Indeed, your mind is wandering—let me stay!"

Without a word, and with a look of one petrified to stone, Augusta swept across the room, and laid her hand on the door.

"Nay, then, if you will not remain with me, I will not send you from your room," said Jacquetta, in a troubled voice, as she, too, started up. "Do not go, Augusta. I will leave you. But, oh, my dearest sister, is there nothing I can do for you?" she said, beseechingly, clasping her hands.

"Nothing—but leave me!"

With a sigh, Jacquetta left the room, and she heard the key turn behind her in the lock.

The proud heart of Augusta De Vere might bleed and break, but it could do both alone.

She turned away, and passed on to the room of her patient, where she found that handsome youth fast asleep, and, seeing her presence was not required there either, she finally sought her own room.

It was rather dull down-stairs that evening, for neither Augusta nor Jacquetta appeared at all. Mr. De Vere and Frank both retired early, and so Captain Disbrowe was left alone, in no very agreeable frame of mind, to wander through the lower rooms and amuse himself as best he might, and wish Jacquetta would join him; but no Jacquetta came. At length, putting on his hat, he set off for a stroll, with his own thoughts for company.

It was a clear, starlit night, mild and warm as June, and, tempted by its quiet beauty, he walked on and on, returning, at last, by the north wing, that, in its gloomy silence, had a strange fascination for him. While he stood leaning against a broken pillar, looking up at it, he became conscious of voices near him; and a moment after two dark forms appeared from within the shelter of a low, ruined wall, overrun with ivy. One was the tall form of a man, muffled in a cloak, and wearing a slouched hat, drawn down over his face, completely hiding it from view; and the other was—could he believe his eyes?—the stately form of his proud cousin, Augusta!

Even in his surprise—and it was intense—he saw that they seemed to shrink from each other with a sort of dread, or horror, or fear; and that both were extremely agitated. Once he saw his cousin stop and make a frantic, passionate gesture, as if she would have hurled herself madly upon the stones at her feet, and the man put out his arm as if to catch her, and then draw it back and recoil still further from her. Then

they turned an angle of the wall and disappeared, and he was alone in the light of the bright, beautiful stars that looked serenely down on that strange meeting, as they have looked upon many other since the world began.

With an irresistible impulse, he turned to follow them, but both were gone—vanished like phantoms of the night; and he turned to retrace his steps, wondering inwardly where the secrets of this strange old house were to end.

CHAPTER XI.

CAPTAIN DISBROWE MAKES A DISCOVERY.

"Ah! did we take for heaven above
But half such pains as we
Take, day and night, for woman's love,
What angels we should be!"—Milton.

"THE top of the mornin' to ye, captain, darlin'!" said a voice, in a slightly foreign accent. And the next moment, Master Frank, with a whoop that spoke well for the strength of his lungs, sprang up the front steps, and stood beside Disbrowe, who was lounging indolently against one of the quaint old pillars supporting the doorway, looking at the north wing, and thinking of the little incident of the previous night.

"The same to yourself, my sprig of willow," said Disbrowe, lifting his eyes, but without moving from his lazy position. "I say, Frank," he added, suddenly, "do you know any thing about that mysterious old tower or wing over there? I think there's something wrong about it."

"Why?" asked Frank, casting an uneasy look at the speaker, and then on the place indicated.

"Well, from nothing that I know of my own knowledge, of course," replied Disbrowe, but it has a confoundedly suspicious, ghostly look about it for one thing, and I saw something strange there a few nights ago."

"You did?" said Frank, with a start.

"A light!"—said Disbrowe, taking out a cigar, and biting the end off—"a light passing the front window, and shining through the ivy leaves. It was late—about midnight, I think—and, not feeling sleepy, I had turned out to admire the beauties of Nature, and look at the moon, and all that sort of thing, when, to my surprise, I saw a light flashing through the windows, and then disappearing."

"Oh, pooh!—a will-o'-the-wisp—an *ignis fatuus*—a jack-o'-lantern," said Frank, giving himself an uneasy twist.

"It was a jack-o'-lantern with a vengeance!" said Disbrowe, laughing.

"Eh?" said Frank, looking sharply up.

"My dear young friend," said Captain Disbrowe, lighting his cigar, and drawing a few whiffs, "allow me to say that breaking yourself of that nasty habit of speaking in abrupt jerks would be a good thing to do. It gives me a sensation akin to a galvanic shock, or a twinge of toothache, to listen to you. I was informing you, I believe, that I saw a light in that old deserted place there, if I don't mistake, which piece of information allow me to repeat now, if you did not clearly comprehend it the first time."

"It must have been one of the servants," said Frank, taking out a knife, and commencing to whittle.

"Perhaps," said Captain Disbrowe, with a dubious smile, as he meditatively watched the wreaths of smoke curling upward.

"You don't believe me?" said Frank, looking at him.

"My dear boy," said the young officer, in his cold, careless way, "you don't suppose I could possibly be so impolite as to doubt your word? At the same time, my amiable young friend, allow me to ask you if your servants are in the habit of taking nocturnal excursions through those deserted rooms, or what possible reason—since they have been deserted for the last twenty years—they can have at all for going there?"

Frank looked cautiously over his shoulder for a moment to see that no one was listening, and then coming closer to Disbrowe, and sinking his voice to a cautious whisper, he said:

"I tell you what, cousin Alfred, there is something queer about that old place. I've always thought so, and I've seen lots of little things, now and then, to confirm the belief. I don't know what it is; and what's more, they all take precious good care I shan't know either; but I'll find out one of these days, as sure as my name's Frank De Vere—which it ain't, for that matter. Jack's posted, I know, and I'm sure she has something to do with it. Did you ever hear a strange sort of music there of nights?"

"Why?" said Disbrowe, evasively, remembering his promise to Jacquetta.

"Because I have, and more than once. When I get into bed I flatter myself I can beat any one to death in the sleeping line; but there have been times when I woke up, and I have heard the queerest, most unearthly sort of far-off music at the dead of night, and I am quite sure it came from some place around here. I asked uncle about it the first time I heard it, and I wish you had seen the look he gave me, and the terrific way he thundered: 'Begone, sir! and hold your tongue, and never speak of such a thing again at your peril!' It beat a stern father in a melodrama all to nothing; so I bothered him no more after that."

"I wonder you never asked Jack."

"Well, I don't know; there's a sort of touch-me-not flash in Jack's eyes now and then when you tread on forbidden ground, and somehow I've always felt that she's more concerned in this affair than any of the rest. Of course, I don't know—I only guess; and, as it happens, I generally guess pretty accurately."

"Tis the evening of life gives me mystical lore."

"And coming events cast their shadows before," said Disbrowe, pointing to an approaching shadow, and even as he spoke, Jacquetta herself flashed up the steps, and stood bright and smiling before them.

"Bon matin, messieurs! Hope I don't intrude?"

"Angels can never be intruders!" said Disbrowe, flinging away his cigar, and touching his hat. "A thousand welcomes, my bright Aurora!"

"Now don't!" said Jacquetta, with a slight grimace. "I can't stand too much of that, you know. It's like burnt brandy—a very little of it goes a long way, and is very filling at the price. What momentous affairs were you discussing so learnedly just now, as I came up?"

"We were discussing Miss Jacquetta De Vere!"

"Well, I don't know as you could have found a better subject, at once edifying and instructive. But what say you to breakfast now, as a change of subject?"

"A most agreeable change," said Disbrowe; "and though, perhaps, not so delightful as the other, a good deal more substantial. I move an immediate adjournment."

"Second the motion," said Frank, shutting up his knife, and putting it in his pocket.

"What is the programme for to-day?" said Jacquetta, as they moved toward the breakfast-parlor.

"Haven't decided yet," said Disbrowe. "Most likely you will devote yourself solely to our handsome patient, in which case, by the time evening comes, you will very probably find my melancholy remains suspended from the nearest tree—a victim to the blue-devils and the most hard-hearted of cousins!"

"A consummation devoutly to be wished," said Jacquetta, with a laugh. "But, having some regard for the feelings of the family, allow me to suggest an alternative to so direful a catastrophe. I am going to visit one of my pensioners this afternoon, about a mile from this; and, if you will promise to be good, and not pay me too many compliments, you may come. I have spoken."

"A hundred thousand thanks, most angelic of thy sex!" said Disbrowe, laying his hand on his heart, and bowing after the manner of gentlemen on the stage, who go down head-foremost, until nothing is to be seen but the tails of their coat. "I am ready to swear by 'all the vows that ever men have broken,' as my friend Shakespeare has it, to talk to order on any subject, from love and murder down to the latest style of 'gent's superior vests,' for so delectable a privilege, I'm ready to vow the severest obedience to all and every command that may issue from lips so beautiful; and what's more, as my friend Shakespeare further remarks, am ready to 'seal the bargain with a holy kiss.'"

"And I'll witness the transaction," said Frank, with a chuckle. "But here comes Gusty."

As he spoke Augusta swept past, with one of her slight, haughty courtesies, and took her place at the table, followed by the others. Disbrowe thought of the mysterious interview of the night before, and looked at her curiously; but the cold, pale face was high and immovable, and marble-like in its lofty pride and repelling hauteur. Not the faintest trace of emotion was visible in that coldly-beautiful face; the long, dark lashes swept the white cheeks, and the pale lips were compressed—scorning, in their curved pride, all help and sympathy; the shiny, jetty hair was combed down either side of the high, noble, queenly brow—like alabaster in its purity, and simply knotted behind the haughty head. Had she been of steel or stone she would have looked as human as she did then; and yet this was the girl he had seen ready to dash herself on the pitiless rocks the night before, in her intolerable agony of woe and despair. She scarcely spoke or moved or lifted her eyes while she sat with them—there in body, but oh, so immeasurably distant in spirit! But once, in answering some question of his, she had, for a second or two, looked up, and then he saw the dark, settled light of anguish in those large, melancholy eyes.

Jacquetta was, as usual, the life and soul of them all—keeping up a constant war of words, and a steady fire of short, sharp, stinging repartees with the company generally—sometimes provoking Disbrowe to laughter, and sometimes to anger, and appearing most delightfully indifferent to both.

Then she undertook to give an account of her escapade with Captain Nick Tempest to her uncle, burlesquing the whole affair, and holding him especially up in so ridiculous a light that she had the old gentleman and Frank laughing most heartily, and had Disbrowe so indignant and mortified that he could have shaken her then and there with a right good will. But thinking it beneath his dignity as a man, he joined in the laugh against himself.

After breakfast the young lady went off to see Jacinto—as she took the trouble of informing our gallant young officer before starting; and he, with Frank, sauntered out to a trout-stream the latter knew of, where they could pass the morning. As usual, their theme was Jack; and an inexhaustible theme they found it, and mightily interesting to both.

The spoke of going to see one of her pensioners," said Disbrowe. "How many has she got?"

"Oh, lots. And a precious lot, too. There's one of them, now," said Frank, pointing to a hump-backed, idiot-looking boy who approached them, holding a brace of partridges. "Hallo, Dickie! Where are you bound for?"

"There," said the lad, pointing with a nod and a grin toward Fontelle.

"Who are the birds for?" said Frank, attempting to look at them.

"You let 'em alone!" said Dickie, dodging back and assuming a belligerent attitude. "They're for her—Miss Jack; you let them alone—will you?"

"All right," said Frank, laughing. "Go on, Dickie. Give my compliments to the town-pump the next time you see it."

"And that's one of her proteges!" said Disbrowe, glancing carelessly after him.

"An interesting one, upon my word! If ever I do that sort of a thing, I shall only adopt pretty little girls."

"And marry them when they grow up—not a bad notion, that," laughed Frank. "And as pretty little girls are to be had for the asking, you will soon have a household. Suppose you begin with little Orrie Howlett?"

"Faith, I shouldn't mind. She came next door to proposing the last time I saw her. But how came Miss Jack to adopt that picture of ugliness?"

"Well, thereby hangs a tale." It was one day, about two years ago, Jack was down to Green Creek; and, passing by a tavern, saw a lot of rowdies and loafers crowding round poor, silly Dickie, laughing, taunting, jeering, and kicking, and pulling, and hauling the poor fellow until they had him half-maddened. A sight like that was enough to make Jack's blood blaze; and in a moment she had darted fiercely through them, and stood defending Dickie, stamping her foot, and blowing them up right and left as only she can—calling them a set of cowards and rascals, the whole of them. I expect they were rather startled to see such a little fury, for all folk but one half-tipsy fellow, who seized her by the arm in a threatening manner. With a perfect shriek of passion, Jack sprang back, and dashed her hand in his face with such force that, big as he was, he reeled back, and saw more stars, I reckon,

than he ever saw before. Dick had taken to his heels the moment he found himself free; so Jacquetta, having stopped to assure them once more that they were a set of low, mean, cowardly knaves to so abuse Dickie, took her departure, while the rest forcibly held back the drunken scoundrel, who seemed very anxious to pounce her."

"And has he never attempted to injure her since?" said Disbrowe.

"No," said Frank. "A very remarkable circumstance caused him to change his mind. Shortly after the adventure I have just related, news came that Goose Creek was rising, and was likely to carry away the bridge. Jack mounted Lightning and rode down; and there, sure enough, an immense crowd was gathered on the banks, watching the creek roaring, and foaming, and dashing along; and there was the bridge all broken—and shaking planks that every second might be carried away. Just as Jack reached the place, there was a great cry that a man had been carried off the bank, and directly they heard his screams for help; and there he was clinging to a large rock in the middle of the creek, and shrieking out to them for God's sake not to let him drown. A lot of men got a rope, and tried to throw it to him, but it was impossible for him to reach it, unless some one ventured out on the plank and risked their own lives for him. No one would, however, for he was a miserable, drunken wretch; and in another minute he would have been swept away, if Jacquetta had not sprung off her horse, seized the rope, and while the crowd stood speechless with horror, darted out on the plank. I tell you, cousin Alfred, as they saw her standing there, that young girl, on that frail plank, over that foaming torrent, so bravely risking her life to save another's, every man, woman and child there dropped on their knees, and the silence of death reigned. She reached the middle of the plank, she flung him the rope; but before she could turn, the plank was swept from under her, and she was hurled headlong into the foaming torrent."

"Heavens!" gasped Disbrowe, with a paling cheek, as though he saw it before him.

"There was a cry as of one mighty voice from that crowd," continued Frank, "as they saw her fall; but clear and high above all arose her ringing voice: 'Pull men—pull! Don't let me drown! She held on firmly, and the next minute the pair of them stood high—and dry I was going to say, only it wouldn't be true—on dry land. And a hearty cheer from the spectators greeted them."

Frank's cheeks were flushed, and his eyes were glistening at the recollection.

"And there she stood—God bless her!—dripping like a water-goddess, and listening to their shouts as coolly and composedly as though they were so many French dolls. I stood there, hugging her, I believe, and crying, and laughing, and shouting all together—to all of which her sole reply was, as she jerked herself away, 'Frank, don't squeeze me so; don't you see my wet clothes are spoiling your new pants?'"

"This winding up was so characteristic of Jacquetta," said Disbrowe, sent to laugh.

"And the man—what of him?"

"Oh, he was the same fellow that she struck for taking hold of her when she interfered in behalf of Dick—and a worthless scamp he was; but from that day he reformed; got sober and industrious, and is a first-rate old fellow now; and would die gladly, I believe in my soul, for Jack. So, there's the history of two of her proteges."

It was strange the effect these and similar stories of Jacquetta's daring and kindness of heart had on Disbrowe. Softened and tender his thoughts of her grew, until his cheeks flushed, and his eye fired, and his pulses bounded, and he drew a long, quivering breath, and wished from the very depths of his soul she were an heiress, with a rent-roll of twenty thousand a year, that he might dare to love her. As it was, he might as well venture to fall in love with the moon, for all hope he ever could have of marrying her.

"That's the worst of it with poor devils of younger brothers like me, without a rap to bless themselves with! They can't fall in love like decent Christians, and marry whom they please; but, woe! Alfred Disbrowe, my boy, do you know what you are talking about? What have you to do with falling in love—you who are signed, sealed and delivered—as good as married already? I wish I had never seen Jack De Vere!" he exclaimed, almost passionately.

"That girl can bewitch, with her wild, witching ways, whoever she pleases, and I'll be sure to go and make a fool of myself before I have done! Oh, Jack De Vere! you compound of inconsistencies! was there ever one like you before in the world?"

Sitting there, he thought of her in all her changing moods, until the momentary gloom that had overspread his fine face passed away, and again he laughed.

"What a sensation she would make among the titled dames who crowd Fontelle Park, to be sure—this wild Yankee girl! I think I see Lady Margaret's look of horror and consternation, Earncliffe's haughty dismay, and the wonder and amazement, not to say terror, of the rest. How Tom Vane, and Lord Austrey, and all the rest of the fast bloods, would rave about her; and how she would be toasted and talked of—the *bonne* of the day! Heigho! what a pity it is a man dare not do as he pleases! If some kind fairy would give me fifty thousand pounds this moment, I believe, in my soul, I would marry the girl, if she would have me, in spite of fate and—Norma Macdonald!"

In a more thoughtful mood than was customary with the gay, careless, nonchalant young guardsman, he walked back to Fontelle, and watched Jacquetta during dinner, with a strange mingling of pain and pleasure.

So gay, so bright, so bewitching she was—this sparkling ray of the moonlight—this bright-winged little bird of Paradise—this daring, dauntless-hearted Joan of Arc—that he would have given worlds, at that moment, could he, for one instant, have called her his. With a thrill that tingled through every vein in his heart, Captain Alfred Disbrowe—the brother of an earl—a peer of the realm in prospect—made the discovery that he was falling in love, and with this penniless, red-haired "Yankee girl!"

An hour after dinner, she came flying in her light, breezy way, down-stairs, equipped for her walk, and looking more beautiful, he thought, than he had ever seen her before. Her dark-blue dress and black velvet shawl set off the exquisite fairness of her pearly complexion; her cheeks were flushed; her gray eyes shone and sparkled

like stars; her smiling mouth looked more like a rose-bud than ever, and her short, bright, dancing curls flashed around her snow-white, polished, laughing forehead, with a careless grace of their own, that almost surprised Disbrowe into an inward conviction that there *was* a possibility of red hair looking pretty. But, then, the honorable captain was falling in love with their fairy owner, and could not be expected to be an impartial judge.

"Do you know what I was doing this morning?" said Jacquetta, as they walked along.

"Well," said Disbrowe, "I don't pretend to divination; but I think I can guess. You were, most probably, sitting beside your handsome patient."

"Exactly! You are as smart at guessing as a Yankee. But I was doing something more. I was reading."

"Ah! were you? Your prayer-book, I suppose?"

"Dear me! how sarcastic we are! No—it was a novel—an old story; so old and simple that the fastidious, refined Captain Disbrowe would pitch it away with a contemptuous 'pshaw!' as unworthy his imperial notice; yet I liked it."

"Captain Disbrowe would have liked any thing you did, my dear child."

"Oh, would he? Leaping over the Demon's Gorge, for instance. He didn't seem to like that!"

"Most malicious of fables! am I never to hear the last of that?"

"Don't pay compliments, then. But, about this story—I was reading it to Jacinto, and he liked it, too; and he's a judge of good things, Jacinto is. Knows so much, too—is a heap too clever for a foreigner, in fact."

"No doubt you think so," said Disbrowe, bitterly; "he is perfection in your eyes—a young jackanapes!"

"Come, Captain Disbrowe, be civil. I can't stand this, you know. But, in this old story I was telling you of, when you were so impolite as to put me out, there was a young nobleman who fell in love with a peasant girl—one of his father's tenants—and she fell in love with him."

"A peasant girl! What a precious fool he must have been!" said Disbrowe, *sotto voce*.

"Well, his father heard it, and raised no end of a row. In vain the lover pleaded; the old gentleman was inexorable—wouldn't be brought to view matters in their proper light at all, and ended by banishing his son from home; and, when he got him away, compelling the girl to marry somebody else."

"Well, I dare say she was willing enough," said Disbrowe; "girls generally are, to get married. What did the fortunate young gentleman do when he heard it? Married some Lady Scrapina Ann, I suppose."

"No, sir! he died of a broken heart! What do you think of that?" said Jacquetta, triumphantly.

Disbrowe laughed. "What a paragon he was! Ought to be labeled and sent to the British Museum, as the eighth, last, and greatest wonder of the world. A man with a broken heart! Ye gods! And Captain Disbrowe laughed immoderately."

"Oh, you may laugh," said Jacquetta; "but my belief is, that there are some men who have hearts to break, in this flinty world, if one could only find them. Now, what would you do, cousin Alf, for a woman you loved?"

"Something better than break my heart, I should hope."

"Are you quite sure you have one to break? Would you risk your life for her?"

"No; something better."

"Die, then?"

"Die?—not I! Better still."

"What, then? I give it up."

"Make her Mrs. D."

"That would be a climax of happiness, certainly! Oh, the self-conceit of man! And so that is all the extent to which your gallantry would carry you, is it?"

"Ah, *ma belle*, what would I not risk for you!" said Disbrowe, softly, with his handsome eyes fixed on her face.

Jacquetta laughed. "Dreadfully obliged, I'm sure! And here goes to test that declaration. Climb up there and bring me those flowers."

A huge, steep boulder, almost perpendicular, reared up near them, and at a dizzy height from the ground a cluster of pretty pink flowers grew in a cleft. Jacquetta pointed to these, and said, imperatively, "Climb!"

Had she told him to spring into the seething crater of Mount Vesuvius in that tone, he would have obeyed. Before the word had well passed her lips, he was already on his way up the giddy steep.

It was a dangerous place to venture, only suited to cats and sailors, and other wild animals, accustomed to walk on air; but Captain Disbrowe was young, lithe, and active, and went up with marvelous speed, clinging to loose pieces of rock, and lardy, projecting plants. Jacquetta stood below, watching him with a queer smile on her pretty face.

He reached the cleft at last, seized the flowers, and prepared to descend; but—alas for his knight-errantry!—the treacherous stone on which he stood gave way, and the next instant he lay stunned and motionless on the ground.

With a great cry, Jacquetta sprang forward and bent over him. Without sign of life he lay, and, kneeling beside him, she raised his head, crying out in tones of passionate grief:

"Oh, Alfred! cousin Alfred! look up—speak to me!—say you are not hurt! Oh, he is dead! and I have killed him!"

She bent over him as he lay, cold and still, and her lips touched his cheek. The next instant, she recoiled in terror at the hot rush of blood that followed that slight caress.

But that was enough. As a slight dent with a boy's foot once overpowered the dam, and changed it to a foaming torrent, so every thing was swept with resistless force from his mind at the touch of those rosy lips, save the one thrilling, tumultuous thought that he loved her, with all his heart and soul. The next moment she was in his arms, held there almost fiercely, while he stooped over her, with a

CHAPTER XII.

from behind. DARE YOU LINGER HERE AT MIDNIGHT, ALONE WHEN THE WIND IS ABOUT? AND THE BAT, AND THE NEWT, AND THE VIPER, AND THE CREEPING THINGS COME OUT. BEWARE OF THESE GHOSTLY CHAMBERS. SEARCH NOT WHAT MY HEART HATH BEEN, LEST YOU FIND A PHANTOM SITTING WHERE ONCE THERE SAT A QUEEN."

It was in rather a peculiar mood, to use a mild phrase, that the Honorable Alfred Disbrowe walked home. There were a great many conflicting feelings surging through his mind, and chief among them were astonishment and mortification. Did ever man in this world make a proposal, and have it answered in such fashion as this? Did ever any living being behold such a provoking little mix as this fierce, unreadable little enigma—this savage little wildcat, who unsheathed his claws and scratched, the moment he came too near—this young tornado—this small flash of lightning—this little grenade, all jets, and fire, and sparks? It would have been a comfort to get hold of her—to shake her—to pull her ears, and then love her a thousand fold more than ever. Captain Disbrowe was just in the mood to do both. He could have boxed her ears with all his heart, and yet never had that heart thrilled in all his life as it was thrilling at that moment to the sound of her name. How his pulses leaped, and his blood bounded at the recollection of her small, involuntary, cousinly caress. Oh, Jacquetta! Jacquetta!—you little inflammation of the heart!—you little thunderclap! how much you had to answer for, for throwing the indolent, nonchalant, careless Captain Alfred Disbrowe into such a state of mind as that!

He reached home, at last—half-hoping, half-dreading, to meet Jacquetta. The drawing-room door lay open, and a clear, sweet voice he knew only too well, was singing:

"Oh, the Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great, His mind's taken up wi' the things o' the state."

"There! there is a hole in the ballad! Where's papa, Frank?"

"Upstairs, in the library," said Frank, sauntering out, encountering Disbrowe in the hall.

Disbrowe went in—half-afraid to do it, too, for he could not tell how Jacquetta would meet him. She was lying back, half-buried in the downy cushion of a lounge, caressing her huge, savage dog, Lion, who crouched at her feet, licking her hand and watching her with his eyes of flame. As Disbrowe entered, he started up, with a growl like distant thunder.

"Now, Lion, be quiet!—have manners, can't you? It's only your cousin Alfred, you know. Come in, my dear sir; I'm alone here, and feel awfully blue." And a dreary yawn attested the truth of her words.

As Captain Disbrowe, angry and provoked at this unlooked-for sort of greeting, obeyed, and flung himself, half-sullenly, into an arm-chair, her eyes fell on the dearly-bought flowers which, almost unknown to himself, he still carried in his hand.

"Oh, what pretty flowers! Hand them here, cousin Alfred. Lion, go after them." Lion dutifully got up and trotted over, took the flowers in his mouth and brought them to his mistress.

"How sweet they are—how pretty—almost as delicious as the giver!" And the wicked fairy looked up, and laughed in his face.

With a suppressed oath, Captain Disbrowe sprang to his feet and began pacing, with passionate strides, up and down. Of all her wilful moods, he had not supposed she would meet him like this: scorn and anger—blushing and avoidance. Silence and hauteur, he could have borne and managed; but this—this sublime forgetfulness of the whole thing—this audacious coolness and unconcern! Had she been trying for years, she could not have hit on a way so likely to enrage him; and I am afraid, as he ground his teeth, more than one naughty word escaped.

Jacquetta arched her eyebrows, and pursed up her lips.

"Why, cousin Alfred! Good gracious! I wonder you ain't ashamed! Do you know what you said, sir?"

"Jacquetta, you will drive me mad!" he exclaimed, passionately.

"Dear me! you said it again! Now, Lion, behave yourself! Don't eat all my flowers that way!"

"Jacquetta, will you listen to me?" he cried, stopping before her in his excited walk.

"Well—proceed."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it, I'm sure. It shows a good deal of good sense on your part. Now, Lion, will you stop eating my flowers?"

"Oh, saints and angels! grant me patience! Jacquetta, you will drive me mad!"

"Well, you told me that before, if I don't mistake. What's the good of repeating it? Go on."

With a fierce imprecation, he was up again, striding up and down as if he really was mad. Jacquetta rose on her elbow, adjusted her pillow, so that she could lie and watch him comfortably.

"(Cruel!—heartless!—unwomanly!) burst passionately from his lips, as he strode on without heeding her.

She looked at him with a strange, mocking smile on her face, and drew the ears of her savage pet through her fingers.

"Not tired yet," she said, when he ceased. "Perhaps you are going into training for a pedestrian?"

"Insulting!—unfeeling coquette!" he bitterly cried.

She arose, haughtily.

"You forget yourself, sir! Another word like that, and I leave the room!"

"Oh, Jacquetta! you are enough to drive a man crazy! but forgive me, I hardly knew what I was saying."

"So I think, Captain Disbrowe! Had you not better come to your senses as soon as possible?"

"Jacquetta, are you merciless? I have asked for bread—shall I get a stone?"

"You deserve a viper, sir! Sit down, I tell you," she said, imperiously.

He obeyed, with something like a groan.

"Now, then, Captain Disbrowe, what do you want?"

"You, Jacquetta!—my love!—my darling!"

Oh, the infinite depth of mockery in her eyes and smile!

"Indeed! And what do you want of me, pray?"

"Is it? I see nothing extraordinary in it. If you came and asked me for Lion, here, I should probably ask you what you wanted

of him, as well. And I rather fancy you would find it an easier question to answer than this."

He was silent, and bit his lip. The look of intense mockery on Jacquetta's face was mingled now with unutterable scorn.

"Oh, the wisdom of these men! Oh, this wonderful love of theirs! Oh, this unspeakable depth of refinement and delicacy! Lion, my boy, thank God you love me, and have not a man's heart!"

"Jacquetta!" he said, with a haughty flush, "what do you mean?"

"Oh, to be sure!" she said, "you do not know. If I had been one of your Lady Marys, or Lady Janes, would you have dared to talk to me like this? Because you found me a wild Yankee girl, who rode steeple-chases, played with dogs instead of Berlin wool and French novels, you thought you were free to insult me, and to talk to me as you would to a coal-heaver's daughter in England. Don't interrupt me, sir, and don't attempt to deny it; for, knowing what we both know, such a declaration from you is nothing more nor less than an insult!"

He faced round, and the light of his dark, bright, handsome eyes shone full upon her face.

"What we both know?" he said, slowly. "May I ask what you mean by that, Miss Jacquetta?"

Her face flushed to the very temples, and for a second or two, her eyes fell.

"I won't tell you!" she said, defiantly. "But I know more than I ever learned from you!"

Her tone, hot at first, fell into its customary saucy cadence, as she went on; and she broke into a short laugh, and fell to caressing Lion again as she ceased.

"And this is my answer?" he said, bitterly.

"Your answer? Yes, sir! I hope it pleases you?"

"And this is Jacquetta?"

"At your service, sir. How do you like her?"

"Have you a woman's heart, Jacquetta, or is there a stone in its place?"

"Perhaps there is." And she laughed wickedly. "If so, you ought to be satisfied, for you said, away back there in your first chapter, that I had given you a stone."

"Have you no mercy?"

"None for my foes. The motto of a true De Vere is, 'War to the knife'."

"Oh, tiger-heart!" cried Disbrowe. "Am I to get no reply but this?"

"Reply to what? Begin at the beginning of the catechism again, and see how I will answer you. Ask away, and never fear but you will get your answer."

"I told you I loved you."

"Yes—I have a faint recollection of the fact. But you don't call that a question, I hope?"

"Nevertheless, I expected an answer."

"Ah! What was it to be?"

"That you loved me in return."

"Jacquetta laughed; and, springing up, began declaiming, stage-fashion:

"When in that moment, so it came to pass, Titania awoke, and straightway loved me—ass!"

You see, I can quote Shakespeare as well as you, Cousin Alfred."

He ground his teeth with rage.

"Oh, heavens above! And this is what I have loved?"

"Don't get excited, my good Alfred—my dear Alfred! Keep cool; and if you find the air of this room heating, would you mind my insinuating a walk up and down the maple avenue, out there? The air, this cool spring day, will be a good thing to take."

"Heart of flint!—heart of steel! A tigress would have more pity than you!"

"Pity!" she said, in a tone that made him start. She had risen to her feet, with one arm upraised, with her cheeks aflame, and her eyes aflame. "Pity! Yes—I pity myself from the very depths of my soul, that I should ever have fallen low enough to listen to this!"

She swept across the room like a tragic queen, with the ringing tread of an outraged empress. That light in her eye, that fire in her cheek—all unusual there—what did it forebode?

"What have I said—what have I done—that you should dare to utter words like these?"

"I am a wild, wild, thoughtless girl—too fearless and unsexed, it may be, for my sex—but is it my fault that God gave me a man's heart, to do, and dare, and brave? I was frank and open with you, because I thought you an honorable man—because I thought you would understand me; and I could have loved you as a brother. And you have returned it like this! Oh, Captain Disbrowe! it is worse than 'Et tu Brute'! You know, and I know, now that the scales have fallen from my eyes, how you regard me. Would you marry me?—would you take me to England?—would you show me to your friends—me, the mad, uncivilized North American savage—as your honored wife, and the future Lady Earnecliffe, of Disbrowe Park? No, sir—you never would! You never intended to! And, even if you would, could you, as a man of honor, have done so? Ask your own heart—if you have one—and let it reply."

It was her turn to pace up and down now, and she was doing it with a vengeance. He had leaned his elbow on the table and dropped his forehead on it, and his face was white and cold as marble.

"The name I bore might have saved me from insult; but it has not done so. Never, in all my life, have I fallen so low in my own eyes as I have done this day! It may be that I have deserved it; but, coming from you—oh, Cousin Alfred! what have I done that you should have sharpened this arrow for my heart?"

There was such passionate sorrow in her voice, that it moved him as nothing else had ever done; and, lifting his head, he would have spoken, but she motioned him to silence with a wave of her hand.

"No—say nothing. It is too late! If I were the only one injured to-day, you might be forgiven; but that other—that other, to whom you are bound by vows death alone can ever break. Oh, Alfred Disbrowe! who shall forgive you for the wrong you have done her?"

Impetuously he started to his feet, and dashed back the clustering locks of his fair, brown hair.

"Jacquetta, this is not the first time you have insinuated something which must be explained—I repeat it, must be! What do you mean?"

She paused before him, and met his excited gaze, with eyes from which the fierce, angry light had died out; and a faint, a scarcely perceptible smile flickered around her mouth.

"Shall I really tell you?"

"Yes,"

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"I say nothing. I want you to explain."

"Then," she said, with a triumphant flash of her eye, "you shall have it! What of Norma?"

"Jacquetta!"

"Alfred!" she said, with a mocking smile.

"Who told you—how came you?"

"There, that is enough! Go—leave me!" And she opened the door and pointed out.

"First tell me—"

"I will not—leave me!" she said, with an imperious stamp of her foot. "And take this parting piece of advice with you. Forget what has passed this evening, as I will endeavor, also, to do. Forget there is such a person as the girl, Jacquetta, and think of me only as the boy, Jack De Vere. There go!"

She held out her arm toward the door, and kept it in that position until he was gone, angrily and haughtily. And for an hour after that, she passed to and fro, up and down the room, without stopping once, with eyes so full of dark, bitter gloom, that you would hardly have known her for the gay, laughing fairy of Fontelle Hall.

She went over, at last, and leaned wearily against the mantel, and looked in the fire burning over to the inn. Long and intently she gazed in the glowing coals, as though some dark picture had arisen there before her. Was that vision any thing like that of Old Grizzle Howlet's of the inn? Did she see the foul gulf and the prostrate form lying in the slime at the bottom—lying at his feet, too? Something dark it must have been; for she drew a long, shivering breath, as she turned away, with a weary step and a paling cheek.

The sound of pleasant voices and gay laughter greeted the ears of Disbrowe an hour or so later, when he ascended to the parlor for the evening meal, and fell on his angry heart like vinegar upon niter. All the family were assembled there. Mr. De Vere sat in his arm-chair beside a couch, on which reclined the boy Jacinto, with whom he was gayly chatting. Somewhat paler and thinner than he had seen him last was Jacinto, but as handsome as ever, and looking wonderfully interesting, with his arm in a sling. On the hearth-rug beside him sat Jacquetta, laughing as merrily as though there were no war in her world without meaning. Frank was leaning over the back of the couch, enjoying the fun, and Lady Augusta—the very image of a marble Niobe—sat near, with her pale face bent on her hand.

Disbrowe at once advanced to where the boy lay, and hurriedly began some words of thanks for what he termed his "brave conduct" and "generous heroism" in risking his life for a stranger, until the boy's full face flushed with embarrassment, and he shrunk away, as if in avoidance of the subject. Jacquetta saw his natural confusion, and came to his relief.

"There, there, Cousin Alfred, that will do; he'll imagine the rest, and it will spare your eloquence and his blushes. Here comes Tribulation with the tea-urn; so come, Master Jacinto, and sit here beside me; and, if you are as hungry as I am, you will do justice to those delicious rice waffles and oyster patties I see there."

Disbrowe bowed coldly, and took his place. All the evening Jacquetta was in the highest possible spirits, and the best possible looks. There was a streaming brilliancy in her eyes, a feverish flush on her cheeks, and her round, white, polished forehead looked pure and marble-like by the contrast. Her short, red curls flashed and shone like rings of flame, and there was a buoyant lightness in her step, a clear, joyous ring in her voice, that angered one there eyes aflame. "Pity! Yes—I pity myself from the very depths of my soul, that I should ever have fallen low enough to listen to this!"

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round the neck, glanced over her shoulder, and composedly said:

"Oh, Orrie Howlet! you know! Old Grizzle's little girl! You needn't be scared."

Jacquetta and Disbrowe laughed, partly at the little one's imperturbable gravity, and partly at Mr. De Vere's consternation.

"What in the world brought you here to-night, Orrie?" said Disbrowe, who was half-amused and half-affected by the little one's strange love for himself.

"Why, to see you! I said I would come, you know! You won't send me away—will you?" she said, looking up earnestly in his handsome, smiling face.

"Not if Mr. De Vere will let you stay. And so you came all the way from the inn to see me—did you, Orrie?"

"Oh, yes!" said Orrie, clinging closer to him.

"Does Old Grizzle know?"

"No, I guess she don't," said Orrie, with one of her short, shrill laughs. "Oh! I won't be mad when she finds out!"

"Will she beat you?"

"Be sure she will!" said Orrie, complacently. "Oh! I won't be, though! But I don't care. I have seen you, you know, and she can't beat that away!"

"My dear child," said Disbrowe, touched by her look and tone, "if I had known you cared so much for seeing me, I should have ridden over to the inn. I would not have you get punished for me."

"Would you be sorry?" said the little one, opening her eyes.

"Yes, very."

"And you like me, too?"

"Very much, my dear little girl. It is something to be loved in this world as you love me!"

There was such sorrowful bitterness in his tone, that Orrie's black eyes opened wider than ever. A small, white hand fell softly on his, and with it fell a bright drop.

"Why, I declare," said Orrie, in the utmost surprise, "if Miss Jack ain't a-cryin'!"

Jacquetta stooped down, and impulsively touched her lips to those that had so lately kissed Disbrowe, with the involuntary cry:

"Oh, Orrie! love me, too! Dear little Orrie, love me, too!"

Orrie gave her one of her impulsive hugs and kisses, scanning her curiously meanwhile, and then she asked:

"But you were cryin', weren't you? What made you cry?"

"Me! Nonsense, Orrie!

"Enough! I am drained!" as the old man drew in the last stake.

"I am sorry, indeed. You have a watch, I perceive." The last suggestively.

The watch was staked—and lost.

"You wear diamonds, sir," with oily persuasiveness.

The diamonds were staked—and lost; rings and studs.

"I bid you good-day, sir," and the fortunate stranger, after paying table fee, departed, leaving Reginald penniless.

A low murmur came from the crowd who gazed after the lucky winner.

For some time the young man sat in speechless despair; then, arising hurriedly, he made his way through the group that discussed his misfortune, and passed out.

Near the entrance, as he left the steps, some one tapped him on the shoulder. It was his late opponent.

"Well!" he exclaimed, bitterly, "what can you seek now? You have ruined me! Do you wish to mock me—a beggar?"

"My friend," said the mild voice, "you are wrong. No—I would not mock you. My intentions are far different. You say you are ruined?"

"Ruined!" groaned Reginald.

"Then, I would befriend you."

"Befriend me?"

"Yes. See—as I was leaving the table, I picked this up."

Reginald snatched the paper which the other extended. It was the note in which Mervin Darnley had disowned his son.

Another moment, and it flew in bits, out to the gutter.

"How came you by it?" he asked, reddening.

"In using your handkerchief, it fell from your pocket. I have read it. It is a serious thing. You need a friend. I am the one who will befriend you."

The red dye of Reginald's cheek grew deeper. Who, till now, would have dared say he needed a friend to sustain him before the world? It was a stinging utterance, and his first impulse was to resent it.

But the hot blood that mantled his brow receded as he realized how much truth there was in the words. He looked searchingly into the speaker's face, and said, with evident emotion:

"Look! You have made me a penniless wretch! Now, you proffer friendship. Think well of your words, for I am in no mood to trifle. I am desperate. Do not play with a desperate man. Do you mean what you say?"

"Come with me, and you shall see. No, I am not trifling. Penniless!—yes, it is enough to make any one desperate. I regret that I beggared you at the game; but, come along, come along, and let us see whether I am sincere or not."

His voice was of pious depth and sympathizing tenor. As Reginald looked arms with him, and the two moved away, he added, inquiringly:

"Your name is Reginald Darnley?"

"Did not the note you picked up tell you that?"

"Yours?"

"Mine is Henricq—Gerard Henricq."

"And your business?"

"Gaming. Yes, I have made it a study, a profession. I live wholly by it. Few can play better than I; and very many old hands at the business have been beaten as cleverly as I did you. But, you play a close, shrewd game, young man—very; I grant you that."

"Mervin Darnley is wealthy," continued Henricq, presently.

"Ay," said Reginald, with a bitter accent; "he is wealthy; and I, his only son, am reduced to absolute poverty!"

"Ah! young man, you must profess, if you do not actually possess, a wider knowledge of the world than to give way under such an occurrence as this."

"Your meaning, sir?"

"Oh, tricks, schemes, battles, and the like."

"I do not understand."

"Schemes to recover that which you have lost," with low emphasis, while the eyes glistened behind the spectacles. Then he added, before Reginald could speak:

"Let us get off the thoroughfare, and in a place where we can talk privately."

Entering a restaurant, they ascended to the second story, secured a room, and ordered refreshments.

Gerard Henricq's bland, polite carriage, and professions of friendship, had already won the confidence of his younger companion, and it was not long before Reginald poured into his ear minute details of his situation.

When mention was made of the summary dismissal of the valet, Henricq's sallow face colored slightly, his eyes filled with fire, and a peculiar smile wreathed his lips.

But this was only for a moment.

"I am, now, more than ever, interested in your welfare," he said. "Besides, your story makes my regret the deeper, that I should have played against you at cards."

"Say nothing of that!" interrupted Reginald. "What you have won is fairly yours."

"But," pursued the old man, "you will oblige me by accepting my watch and studs. A gentleman looks awkward with his shirt bosom loose," handing over the articles.

Reginald did not refuse them.

"I said I would befriend you," spoke Henricq, slowly, after having seemed to weigh something in his mind; "and, as you have no money?"

"Not a dollar," was the dejected reply.

"Here are fifty. I'm going to be your banker."

"Can you mean it?" bewilderedly.

"There is the money. Do you want more proof?"

Reginald received the amount, with a grateful heart, and thanked his new-found friend for the generous gift.

"I will supply you with money whenever you are in need," added that winning, subtle voice.

"I am under obligations that I fear I shall never be able to cancel," cried Reginald, now looking upon his benefactor almost as a messenger from heaven.

"I shall expect you to return all I lend you."

This speech was stunning. Reginald looked at him blankly. How was it possible to pay any thing back, without resource?

"That I can not promise, Gerard Henricq. You had best withhold your proposed bounty."

"Stop—you can safely promise, if I read you aright," were the strange words, intended to relieve the young man's embarrassment.

A whispering silence followed. The two men looked steadfastly at each other.

What could Gerard Henricq mean? What significance was there in those mild

sentences—those confident assertions? His manner was, imperceptibly, growing more oily, more engaging; his words were singularly forcible in their calm utterance.

"Gerard Henricq, explain yourself. How am I to repay you?"

The old man turned his gaze to the carpet, and hesitated. Presently he said, while he smoothed his beard thoughtfully:

"Mr. Darnley, your situation, as you have remarked, is a desperate one."

"Ay, desperate!" was the prompt rejoinder.

"You realize it?"

"Fully."

"And yet you do not consider how easy a matter it would be to place yourself above want, to obtain a position even more independent than heretofore?"

Another pause. Reginald was silent.

The old man arose, and going to the door, looked in after him, and returned to his seat, and said, in a voice still lower:

"Speak guardedly, now; I'm going to tell you something."

"Hurry, then," Reginald's curiosity was burning him.

"As I said, you are desperate—"

"Enough for any thing!"

"Ha! Now I have my reins. Then, why allow yourself to be barred from the luxury of a fortune, when a little—so little—determined action will adjust things to your benefit?"

"You speak in riddles."

"Has not your father already had made out a will, in which the bulk of his wealth is bequeathed to you?"

"He has; how do you know it?"

"I did not know it; I merely judged the likelihood—you being the only child—"

"And how do you know I am the only child?"

For a brief space, Henricq seemed embarrassed.

"You told me so, just now."

"Perhaps I did," admitted Reginald, musingly, though he had no recollections of having done so.

"Would you suppose, now," the old man continued, "that your father had destroyed the will and made out a new one?"

"Having disowned me, it is reasonable to suppose the will has been destroyed, in which I was to be benefited."

"And has there been time to make out another?"

"I think it hardly possible," answered Reginald, blantly.

It would seem as if Henricq was gradually exercising a sort of mesmerism upon his younger companion.

"Then," the low voice sunk lower—"why permit a new one to be made out at all?"

"Ha! what?"

"Stay!" lower still, until he spoke in a whisper; "is it not possible that Mervin Darnley might die before another instrument could be made out?"

"Gerard Henricq—you mean?"

"Stop, stop," he interrupted, as he perceived that Reginald was staring and excited; for the hint was understood. "Stop, now; this is a weighty subject, and you must retain your wits."

"But, you have hinted—that my father—must—" he was articulating, breathlessly.

"He is not your father, Mr. Darnley," smooth, oily, and two rows of white teeth—unusually sound for a man of his age—glistened behind the parted lips.

"Not my father?" Reginald's breath came short and quick.

"Has he not disowned you? If you are not his son, then, certainly, he is not your father? He is but a barrier between you and your means of support."

Reginald's eyes were dancing in excitement; a red haze hovered in his vision. His cheeks were scarlet in a feverish glow; the blood in his veins was boiling; a subtle coil was gathering round his heart—the serpent had struck!

"You would have me kill him?" he cried, huskily.

"Otherwise, poverty escorts you to the grave."

"You forget I have a good arm to toil with."

"Ah! you command a trade?"

"Why do you ask?"

"You evade the question. Have you learned a trade?"

"No—but—"

"So I thought. Do what I suggest, before another will is made out, and, even if you are correct in your suspicion that the first will is destroyed, a goodly sum will yet be yours."

"Murder! Horrible! I can't—I can't!"

"Think of it. You will see the necessity," urged the serpent. "Besides, you may repent afterward, if you choose—and, you know, sin with repentance is better than prayers with pride. Think of it—think."

Reginald sprang from his seat and strode back and forth across the room, pressing his hands to his heated, throbbing temples, while he revolved the terrible suggestion in his brain.

Gerard Henricq quietly eased back in his chair, drew forth a penknife, and leisurely began paring his nails.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SECOND BLOW.

"***** Into what abyss of fears and horrors hast thou driven me; out of which I find no way, from deep to deeper plunging!"

—Milton.

"Shades of departed joys around me rise, With many a face that smiles on me no more!"

—Rogers.

SUDDENLY, Reginald Darnley paused before the wily tempter.

"Gerard Henricq, how is this to be done?" His voice was broken, as if by a choking at the throat; his face glowed with an unnatural heat.

"Very easily, Mr. Darnley, very easily; if you will only obey my instructions," the last with affected humbleness.

"I will do it!"

"You have determined wisely." The gray head nodded approvingly; then he continued: "Now, be firm in your determination."

"As a rock!" hoarsely. "He has cast me off, but for you I would now be hungering for a meal. It is his life or mine—and it shall be his!"

"Very wise—very," smiling in a patronizing way. "I foresaw that you would conclude properly, and your firmness of purpose makes me more your friend than ever."

Satan triumphed through Gerard Henricq. The first work of this seeming friend was to urge a desperate man to heinous crime.

Reginald sunk again into his seat. Henricq drew his chair nearer.

"The next thing, Mr. Darnley, is to arrange our plan of operation."

"You may do that," absently, his thoughts wandering.

The young man was gazing along the uncertain corridor of great "To Be." He looked upon the different paths before him—one of poverty, the other blazoning in wealth; the latter attainable through a fiendish deed. As he meditated, he did not ask himself why this serpent friend should take so great an interest in him, or why he should propose an act so horrible. Had he done so—

"O—h, n—o!" protested the old villain, hypocritically; "you are granting too much. You may think I am interested beyond your welfare."

"No. Do as you please," in a steely, indifferent whisper.

"Very well, very well; if you will leave it to me, I'll attend to it—arrange for you, that is. But, you will see that the thing must be done quickly; there is no time to waste."

"Yes; it must be done quickly," still in that abstracted mood.

"Come here this evening, Mr. Darnley, and I'll communicate a feasible plan."

"This evening," assented Reginald.

"Let it be eight o'clock."

"Eight o'clock."

"Then, I'll bid you good-day. Remember—eight o'clock."

With a low bow, another exhibition of the white teeth, as a smile of hidden meaning curved his lips, and stepping noiselessly as cat, Gerard Henricq withdrew. As he descended the stairs, he rubbed his hands together and muttered, hissingly:

"How much better is my plan!—how much better! He will destroy himself! Matters are working finely. Disowned—penniless—desperate. It is well! Ha! ha! ha!" a low, devilish chuckle issued from his lips. Canceling his check at the bar, he passed out to the street and hurried away.

Reginald Darnley sat long alone, thinking of the shades that were gathering like fated clusters around his life. He went over again, in mind, the scenes of the last twenty-four hours, the brief space in which he was cast from the waves of peace and luxury to the barren sands of anguish and poverty. He meditated upon the act he was about to perpetrate, and, in oblivious reverie, the involuntary tremor of a guilty conscience twitched the muscles of his handsome face.

"Murder!"

How that fearful word kept ringing in his ears, even before he stained his soul with the crime!

Full an hour passed. A footfall in the entry roused him, and, starting up, he hastily left the room, left the scene of plot with the man who was weaving his destruction.

The fresh air of the street calmed him somewhat; but a queer, unnatural feeling weighed upon his heart, which caused him many an anxious start as some passer-by looked him in the face.

A man walking slowly along on the opposite side of the street attracted his attention. It was Mervin Darnley.

Their gaze met; but, in an instant, the manufacturer looked in another direction, and Reginald, following him with his eyes, muttered:

"Curse him!—ay, curse him! for he is no longer my father, but the would-be destroyer of my future. He avoids notice of me, as if I were a mere dog! Gerard Henricq, you have served me well!" and with quick steps, he resumed his way.

Ah! how totally was the past erased. He would not recall those days in which a doting parent had supplied his every want and looked hopefully forward to a manhood that should perpetuate an honored name.

The flame of hatred and malice so adroitly kindled by the old man, was, by this meeting, fanned to a consuming blaze.

Reginald sought his rooms. There he fell again upon that meditation of his situation, and to his thoughts came a vision of Orle Deice. Long he revolved the matter of the letter in his burning brain; long he tried to believe that the beautiful girl could not have sent a messenger to his house, on such a mission, when forethought would have shown the result.

But, at last, he could not resist the creeping conviction—with all its mystery, it did seem probable, and, finally, he concluded it must be so. And then, in his belief, he cursed her for the deed.

A distant church-bell echoed the notes of its clarion tongue upon the drowsy air, and broke the spell which had held him silent, thoughtful, for hours, in his chair.

He descended to the street. How strange every thing appeared—how very lonesome! Sensations which before seemed to fasten upon him from the surrounding atmosphere.

"Seven o'clock," he mused, consulting his watch. "I have an hour yet. Ah!"—a thought struck him—"I'll devote that hour to a good purpose."

He hailed a cab, and directed the man to the residence of Lacy Bernard.

Twilight's dusk had veiled the thoroughfares when he reached that gentleman's home.

The servant who opened the door to him betrayed an agitation that was mysterious. A sound of commotion reached him from within.

What was the matter? This question he asked himself, and then asked the girl.

"Cecilia!" was the one word stammered forth in reply.

"What is it? What of her?" he cried.

But she made no answer, and began to weep.

An indescribable dread shot through him; he pushed her aside and hurried into the parlor, where he found Mr. and Mrs. Bernard—the latter in tears.

This scene increased the agony of suspense within him. Had any thing happened to Cecilia? If there was one honorable link in the sullied chain of Reginald Darnley's character, that exception was his love for the daughter of Lacy Bernard; and the forbidding tableau which met his gaze, the utterance of his loved one's name—these combined to fill him with acutest fears.

"Mr. Bernard—has any thing happened—to Cecilia?" His voice faltered as he put the question.

Bernard had arisen upon his entrance, and stood looking at him.

There was a strangeness in the old gentleman's gaze, which tended to augment Reginald's uneasiness.

"Yes, sir, something has befallen her."

The answer was cold, distant.

The questioner paled.

"What—what has—?"

"No matter, sir."

What meant the brief, icy tones in which

Lacy Bernard addressed him? He trembled. A strange awe seized him.

"Mr. Bernard—"

"I say it is no matter, sir. Be kind enough to leave me, Reginald Darnley."

"But, sir, what means all this? Where is Cecilia? Why do you treat me with such coldness? Mr. Bernard—and his speech warmed—considering what Cecilia is to me, you mock me. I would see her."

"My daughter is nothing to you."

"Nothing to me!" he cried. "She is every thing—life, hope, idol—"

"I say she is not!" fairly thundered Lacy Bernard, taking a step forward. "My child is nothing to a gambler and libertine like yourself! Do you understand me, sir? Your engagement with her is broken—I here break it. More: I desire that your visits to my house cease."

The young man staggered back. A cloud swept over his vision. His brain reeled.

"Mr. Bernard—stop! Heavens! you are—"

"No more, sir! You have heard. Mervin Darnley visited me this afternoon, and, thank Heaven! that visit has prevented the sacrifice of Cecilia to a man whom I can but despise! One who must be disowned by a father generous as yours, sir, is no fit mate for my child, no fit guest at my house. Now, let me hope you will begone!"

Crash! crash! like thunderbolts struck those words upon the breathless listener, Cecilia lost to him! All standing gone! The grave were welcome at such a moment!

Half groping his way, Reginald fled from the house.

The cab awaited him at the door, and, like one whose actions were governed by a mechanical influence, he threw himself in upon the cushions.

A loud whip-crack, and the vehicle sped away.

"Dong!—dong!—dong!" the three-quarter stroke of a car clock. Quarter to eight.

The outcast, as he sat gazing down at the carpeted floor of the cab, seemed dead to all around.

The driver, in obedience to the brief directions he had received, drew up before the restaurant where Reginald was to meet with Gerard Henricq.

The young man drank deeply of wine which he ordered, as he sat at a side-table, endeavoring to calm his turbulent senses.

Discovered! An outcast! The woman he loved torn from him! she for whom he felt he had embittered the life of Orle Deice—as he thought of Orle, he frowned, and a dire anathema came whispering from his lips. She had poured this gall upon his existence, by writing the tell-tale letter!

"O-h! Orle Deice, may all the plagues of the earth seize you for this! May your nights be sleepless as mine will be! May every breath of life be a poison to you, and every dream a torture to rack your mind!"

His nervousness was intense. The clammy paleness of his face was now succeeded by a feverish glow; the liquor burnt his lips. He glanced restlessly at the clock. One minute to eight.

"Will he never come?" he muttered, impatiently.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BEAUTIFUL FIEND.

"Despair—before whose blast the voice of song, And mirth, and hope, and happiness, all fly, Nor ever dare return."

KIRKE WHITE.

CECILIA BERNARD gazed upon the lovely girl before her, as she would look at a picture inspiring awe—silent and wondering.

Then, as she marked the flash of the beauty's eyes, the excited heaving of her bosom, an inexplicable thrill pervaded her motionless form.

The few seconds' silence which reigned was tedious with dread whispers—strange, invisible things, murmured a warning of danger in her ears.

Involuntarily, she turned her head to look at Nemil. He stood with his back placed firmly against the door; a vengeful gleam was in his leering eyes; a fierce expression rested on his coarse lineaments. Again she looked at Orle, and strove to speak; but some palsying power sealed the lips in trembling silence.

"So, Cecilia Bernard, you are my rival?"

Orle's voice was not now of a low sweetness, but, in the excitement of triumph, it was sharp, even piercing.

"What do you mean?" panted Cecilia, finding breath at last. "Where is Reginald?"

"Ha! ha! ha! Reginald!"—with mocking sarcasm "You ask me where he is? Hated rival!—he is anywhere but here." The red blood suffused her cheeks; even her pure forehead was crimsoned.

Cecilia's face was pale as death, an acute terror fastened on her every nerve.

"Woman!" she cried, "what means this? Why am I brought here? Who are you?"

"Did you not expect to see the man you love?" quick and short.

"Yes, yes; but he is not here!"

"No. Instead, you see one who loves him twice, thrice as much as you!—one who would move the very earth to keep him from the curse of another! I am Orle Deice; Reginald Darnley is mine! Do you begin to understand?" There was a frenzy of resentment, a fiery emphasis in her words, and Cecilia recoiled before the gaze of those black, flashing orbs, as they riveted upon her.

"I am deceived, then? Reginald is—"

"Deceived?—yes. Reginald Darnley is not here."

"And what is your motive?"

"Can you not see? Are you blind, girl?"

"I can not see. Your words are ill and strange."

"My object is to keep you from him. He is mine! No woman on earth shall have him but me; and I have sworn—wo! wo! to any one who shall strive to win him from me!"

Orle was becoming more excited with each moment; her lustrous eyes glittered like twin stars through the scowl of a Northern sky; her neck, and the peeping marble of her bosom, were also dyed by the warm mounting of the blood.

In hate, in triumph, in the fever of an uncontrollable passion, she gazed upon the shrinking form of her captive.

Mustering a feeble strength, Cecilia turned hurriedly to the door, but the great fingers of the African closed upon her arm and forced her back.

Tottering dizzily, an abject terror whitening her features, she gasped: "What—what do you intend to do with me? My God! what horrible snare have I fallen into? Woman—if you are a woman—will you murder me?"

"Murder you?" cried Orle, and she seemed struggling with some words which were already at her lips' verge: "No—I have other use for you. Your life is of more value to me than would be the satisfaction of your death. But I could kill you

DISCARDED.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

Well, all's over, you've said so;
I guess I can stand it without you;
What a fool to have bothered my head so,
Or thought for a moment about you!
Broken-hearted I never will be, miss,
Nor go with my heart in a sling;
Fahaw, I can smile, as you see, miss,
And—well for a cent I would sing!

Don't fancy, dear miss, you provoke me,
It's too trifling a thing to get mad at;
Don't think for a minute it shook me;
It's a thing which I ought to be glad at.
When I told you I loved you, I storied;
I thank you, indeed, for your slight, miss,
Though *unwashed* don't think I'm worried;
Where's my hat and my mittens? Good-night, miss.

GOING HOME.

What! Is this actual, real?
Must I nevermore call her my own?
After this must some other man steal
Those kisses I lived on alone?
I blushed, oh, heart, that is breaking!
I belied all my sorrow and pain!
Oh, heart, that is stricken and aching,
Must I never fly to her again?

Oh, isn't this all a delusion?
Sure, my thoughts they were always about her
And my mind it is all in confusion,
How can I live on without her?
Nevermore shall I knock at her door—
Nevermore of my love shall I tell her!
Mr. Druggist, a pound of good strychnine,
I've some troublesome rats in my cellar!

The Old Sea Dog's Ward.

BY C. D. CLARK.

Long lines of shivering sand, gray rocks reaching their heads to the summer sky, beyond the blue expanse of old ocean heaving under the gentler breeze which came in from the westward. The white sails of shipping, the smoke of passing steamers, and the fishing boats closer in, served to enliven the picture. Nestled down amid the rocks, not far from the beach, was a rude fisherman's cabin, built from fragments of wrecks which had floated in at various times, and had been saved from the angry sea. An old man, short and stout, with a bald head, and a face which had braved the sun and wind of many seasons on the sea, was seated upon a locker, working with a sailor's needle upon some article of wearing apparel, pushing the needle through the stout canvass by means of a sailor thimble, a thick leathern patch in the palm of his right hand. There was something so jolly and good-natured in the face of the rough old man that it was simply irresistible. A lumbering, rolling step was heard, accompanied by a lighter tread, and the occupant of the cabin stopped his work and listened.

"Nat Lee, ahoy!" he roared.
"Hullo!" responded a rough voice, and the door was pushed open, and a grizzled old sea-dog, with a face literally overgrown with hair, came rolling in, yawning like a boat in a cross sea. A rusty tarpaulin was set upon his shockingly-neglected hair, and he wore a heavy pea-coat over his sailor rig. He was followed by a handsome lad, with a face like a woman's and eyes of wonderful brilliancy and beauty.

"Hullo there, Tom Frisbee," said Nat Lee, gruffly. "How goes it, shipmate?"
"She rides easy, my boy," said Frisbee. "Fred Farley, you come to anchor on that cheer; Nat, you drop your kedge on that bunk and lay-to."

The youngster sat down in the place indicated, and Lee paced the floor of the cabin as if it were a quarter deck. Something was evidently on his mind, and he was trying to give it expression.

"Now, shipmate," he began, "I've come to you for a bit of advice."
"Heave ahead, Nat," said Frisbee, plying his needle; "you've come to the right port for that, you know."

"Any port in a storm," growled Nat. "See here; you and I have sailed too many voyages together not to understand one another. You see that boy, there?"

"I'm a-lookin' at him."
"You wouldn't think him an ungrateful sort of young chap, I suppose?"
"Not a bit of it, shipmate."

The boy gave him a grateful look, but said not a word.
"Now, that chap was my old shipmate's child, Tom Farley, captain of the Lively Sally. I was his first mate, and the schooner went down in a squall off Hatteras. Tom had a child, and I reckoned it wasn't much to carry a little critter like that, and I brought it with me. I was picked up, and in course the little chap with me. I hadn't chick nor child of my own, and ever since that day, at sea or ashore, Tom Farley's child has been with me."

"I knowed that afore," growled Tom, encouragingly. "Heave ahead with your yarn, shipmate."

"That were seventeen years ago, and by my reckoning Tom Farley's child must be nineteen years old. Now, he ain't got no education 'cept what he's picked up in the ports we sailed to. He's a peart youngster, and has learned a heap, but I want him to learn more, and—"

"The long and short of the matter is," said the boy in a musical voice, "he wants me to stay ashore for a year and go to school. Now, to do that, I must leave him, and I'm not going to do it."

"Well said, Ned, my boy," cried Tom; "and that obstinate old boy wants you to leave him."

"Overhaul that, Tom Frisbee. I don't want him to leave me, but I ain't done him justice. I love the boy, even he will say that, and I want to give him a chance I never had myself."

"But I don't want to leave you, Nat Lee. I lost father and mother in the great storm in which you saved me. Not one of my name, as far as I know, is living on the earth, and I look to you for all. Let me stay with you, unless I have offended you."

The old sailor turned his back and his face worked strangely, while Tom Frisbee, holding his needle before his eyes, as if it were an article of rare interest, watched him furiously out of the corner of his eye, with a vague grin upon his face.

"You come to me for advice, did ye, old Nat," he said at last.

"Ah, ay, shipmate," said Frisbee.

"Now, let's overhaul this. You don't want the boy to leave you if he can get an education otherwise?"

"Course not."

"And Ned says he won't leave you, anyhow?"

"That's who he says."

"Then, see here; you lay in port three months to—edit. You take and send him to a good school, and keep him there till you sail. He's mighty quick to learn, and he'll

pick up a heap in that time. Then you goes to sea and takes him with you, and he takes his books along, and when you git to port agin he comes to anchor in another school, while you stay. That's the plan I've logged down."

"And a good one it is, Tom," said young Farley, springing up. "What do you say, father Nat?"

"All right, I'm agreeable, so that you git the learnin'. I don't want ye to leave me, boy."

And they clasped hands, an unspeakable tenderness showing itself in the grizzled old face of Nat Lee, as he looked into the boy's handsome face. He had been with him through sun and shine and tempest for seventeen years, and all the love of the sailor's heart was given to his *protege*. They went away, leaving Tom Frisbee sitting on the locker, with that broad smile still lingering on his face.

So Ned Farley went to school, outstripping all competitors, and when the schooner sailed for the China seas, he went in her as first mate. They had a passenger, Mr. James Lockwood, the junior partner of the firm for which the Lady Lucy sailed, a young man of good education, and a delightful companion in a long sea-voyage. Ned Farley took a great fancy to him, and, indeed, he was a noble specimen of manly beauty and grace. Old Nat saw their growing attachment, and whispered to his mate, as they stood together at the heel of the bowsprit, looking forward.

"Take care what you do, Ned; it ain't safe."

"Father, think what I am and what he is," replied Ned, with a sad look. "You need not fear that I will betray myself."

James Lockwood, seeing that the boy was always intent upon his studies when he had leisure, gave him the benefit of a finished education, and the long evenings were spent, together by the light of the cabin lamps, poring over the books in which the boy took such delight. Much as Captain Lee wished to have the boy improve, this companionship seemed to give him great uneasiness, and he watched them closely. Ned improved a pace, and when they passed the coast of India, he had mastered the rudiments of an English education, and begun an advanced course.

One morning, as the Lady Lucy was moving lazily through the water, under the force of the gentle breeze from off the is-

the muskets. In my opinion we'll have a scrimmage, unless the wind comes up."

Fate seemed against them, for the breeze died away, little by little, until the schooner lay at rest upon the tranquil water. About three o'clock a cloud of war-canoes of various sizes, but containing in all nearly one hundred men, came out of the bay, headed for the Lucy. "Run out the guns, Tom Peaks!" roared the captain. "Oh, for a wind now! It's coming, but not fast enough for us."

The bronzed savages came on, yelling like fiends, their weapons glittering in the sun. Tom Peaks, the gunner, blazed away at them until they were almost aboard, and the rest of the crew, thirty in number, plied their muskets gallantly. Three canoes were sunk, and the close fire of the Yankee tars played sad havoc among the others, but did not turn them. Lockwood, who had used a musket gallantly, threw it down and pulled a sweeping cut from the second, but the third, a fearful-looking savage, raised a huge club above the young man's now defenseless head.

He knew the danger, but, engaged as he was with the savage in front, he could not ward off the blow.

At this moment there came a cry of horror, and Ned Farley sprang in and received the blow intended for Lockwood upon the head and wrist, and fell bleeding to the deck. At the same moment, with a snarl like a tiger, the captain clove the savage to the teeth. Just then the breeze filled the sails; Tom Peaks sprang to the wheel, and the Lady Lucy glided through the water, leaving the canoes behind.

Lockwood caught the insensible form of Ned in his arms, and unbuttoned his collar to give him air. A look of wild surprise came into his face.

"A woman!" he cried.

"You have the secret," said Nat Lee, fiercely. "See that you keep it!"

ment, and of the highest importance that I should reach the post at a certain time.

The dispatches, consisting of two small, thin packets of the lightest tissue paper, closely written over, were secreted in my buckskin hunting-shirt, by splitting the skin at its thickest place, inserting the documents therein, and then pasting the edges securely down.

This precaution was taken, not so much as regarded the Indians, but in view of the fact that the route, especially in the mountains, was infested by enemies far more dangerous than the red-skins. I mean the "mountain robbers," of whom there were several distinct bands operating throughout that section—ugly customers to deal with, even when you opposed them man to man.

Concentrate all that is desperate, savage, and low in the human heart, and you have a fair sample of these freebooting gentry, through whose "domains" I was about to pass.

Thoroughly prepared to meet and overcome any ordinary difficulty, heavily armed, and mounted upon a horse of unusual speed and bottom, I rode out, at early morning, from the clump of timber surrounding my ranch, and, turning due west, struck out for the mountains, whose higher peaks were faintly outlined upon the paler blue of the sky beyond.

An hour by sun found me entering the broken ground—foot hills of the range proper—and I determined to camp for the night at the first favorable spot, instead of entering the defiles of the mountains for a night ride.

Next morning early, I started upon what I felt to be the most dangerous, as well as difficult, portion of my journey; and, after beginning the ascent, following an old trail pretty clearly defined, I at once became watchful, regarding every turn in the path and every possible cover with suspicious eyes, until the point had been passed.

I afterward learned that I might have saved myself this trouble, for watchful eyes had noted every step, every movement I had made since coming within range of a powerful glass that had been leveled upon me from a lofty observatory.

The road over which I was traveling, as you may suppose, was none of the best; indeed, it was, in places, nearly impassable, and hence my progress here was of the slowest.

And, moreover, the further I penetrated

the time fully exposed to the aim of my assailants.

But a moving figure is somewhat difficult to hit with a single ball, and twice I heard the reports of their rifles, both times without other effect than knocking the splinters of rock in my face.

Thirty paces from where I started, the path turned abruptly to the right, and, in passing around the projecting point, I found that, at last, I was out of range.

The exclamation of satisfaction that arose as I realized this fact, died on my lips as I, on glancing forward, made a discovery that far outweighed the momentary advantage gained by reaching cover.

Scarce ten paces from where I stood there lay, directly in the trail, a huge boulder, completely blocking it, and of such a size and shape as to preclude the hope of climbing over.

The rock had but recently fallen, as was evident from the appearance of the earth, as well as the scant shrubbery, which, though torn up by their roots, was still fresh and green.

With the hope of finding some way of surmounting the barrier, I went forward, only to be utterly disappointed.

A mountain-goat could not have found foothold sufficient to climb, and of course no man could do so.

However, the examination was not entirely bootless, for close under the near side of the rock I discovered a cave, which, though small, was large enough to conceal another shelter me from the aim of those who had chosen to make a target of my body.

Into this I hastily crept, and, securing a position that commanded the opposite side as well as trail, where it turned, I settled down to await events.

At least two hours must have passed in this manner before I heard any sound that would indicate my enemies being on the move.

Once I had caught sight of a head peeping around a rock on the other side, a scout evidently seeking to note my position, but before I could bring my rifle to bear it was withdrawn from sight.

Another interval of silence, and then came the sound of voices, I thought proceeding from beyond the bend in the trail, and on my side.

Shifting my position, so as to be able to fire in this direction, I cocked my rifle and waited.

Nor had I to do so long.

First the outer rim of a coon-skin cap was cautiously projected from behind the rock. Little by little it came into view, and, finally, I beheld a glowing pair of eyes eagerly scanning the "pocket" into which I had been caught.

The opportunity was too good to be lost, and, quick as thought, I had sighted and fired.

I saw a dark figure pitch forward, only a fleeting glimpse, and then it disappeared over the ledge.

I had only time to catch up my revolvers, when the remainder of the band, five in number, rushed one after the other round the angle, and, with yells that reminded me more of furious wild beasts than human beings, they charged down upon me.

The foremost fell at my first shot, and the second reeled against the rock, with a ball in his shoulder.

The third one would undoubtedly have caught it next, but just then I received a most unexpected as well as astounding reinforcement that quickly turned the tide of affairs.

First a hideous roar, followed by a succession of angry snarls, and then, actually tumbling around the corner, appeared a huge she-grizzly, evidently gaunt with hunger and furious at having her *beat* intruded upon.

For one moment, and that a brief one, she paused to glare upon her enemies, and then, with a howl that fairly shook the rocks around, she precipitated herself into their midst.

It was absolutely awful, and in recalling the scene, even now I can but shudder at the recollection.

The freebooters saw there was no escape, no chance save in flight.

They were forced to forget me, and turn every effort to save themselves from this new and unlooked-for enemy, and I must do them the justice to say that never men fought so as did these savages.

But what could four men do against such odds, and under such circumstances? One was hurled over the precipice by a single blow of the great bear's paw.

Another was caught and drawn into the deadly embrace: a savage bite, in which neck and shoulder were involved, a crushing of bones, and the hapless wretch was dropped, a limp, inert mass upon the trail.

During this episode the remaining two were pouring into the bear a rapid fire from their revolvers, but seemingly with no effect than to render her still more furious.

As the grizzly turned, after dropping the crushed man, they together delivered their last charge, and throwing the now useless weapons aside, they simultaneously drew their knives and rushed on the bear.

It was a short, though desperate struggle. With the strength of sheer despair, the two plied their knives, and with telling effect.

Suddenly the bear, as though disposed to retreat, drew back a pace or two, but it was only to gather strength for a new assault.

A quick rush, and again the three closed in deadly conflict.

A sharp struggle round and round the narrow ledge, and then, clinging together, they went over into the empty void, still locked in that deadly embrace.

I crawled out of my hiding-place, weak, to use a common phrase, "as a cat," and pretty well unnerved.

Of course my journey was at an end, at least for that time. I managed to reach my ranch the day following, and there rested a day or so, to outgrow my recent "excitement."

¶ We have seen accounts of two methods employed by savages to obtain fire. Simply rubbing together two pieces of wood will not do it. One method is to take a small, round stick, and let one coil of the string of a bow pass around the middle of it. A pointed end of the stick rests on wood, and pressure is applied to the other end to hold it firm, while the bow is moved rapidly forward and backward, revolving the stick. The other method we find reported from *Kosmos* in the *Bosdon Scientific Review*. A hard stick, pointed like a pencil, is drawn forward and backward on a piece of soft wood. This makes a groove, which gradually collects a fine powder in the ends, and this powder at last takes fire.



THE OLD SEA DOG'S WARD.

land, the captain was pacing the deck in deep thought. Lockwood came on deck and stood beside him.

"Where's Ned, Mr. Lockwood?" he said.

"In the cabin, working like a beaver over a problem in geometry. It beats me, captain, to see what a perfect mania for knowledge the boy has. Give him a year more and I will not be able to teach him any thing."

"He's a good boy, Mr. Lockwood," said Lee, with a side-glance at his passenger. "You know, I never allowed him to go much among the foremast hands, and my crew know I won't have any bad language on my decks. I don't ship that sort of men, and that's the reason I always have a good crew. So the boy is pure of heart, and as good a boy as ever lived."

"A noble boy," said Lockwood. "I love him like a brother, and I would not have him come to harm for any thing. For some inexplicable reason, my heart is strangely drawn toward him, and I wish you would let me take him into my counting-house at Shanghai."

"He wouldn't go, I'm afraid, Mr. Lockwood, and I don't know as I could bear to have him leave me. The boy thinks a heap of the old man, somehow."

"I honor him for it. He has told me what he owes to you, and his devotion to you is as boundless as the sea. We are going to lose the wind, I think."

"Yes, and I don't care about being becalmed in these seas. These rascally Malay pirates would be out after us if that happened. At any rate, I am going to see after my guns. Don't tell Ned that, if you please."

Lockwood nodded, and went forward, and looked out toward the land. The breeze was fast dying away, and the Lady Lucy forced her way slowly through the water, and the perfumed air of the Spice Isles to the windward was heavy and dull. As the young man gazed, he saw a canoe dart out of a sheltered bay, containing two men, which rapidly approached the schooner, and as they came nearer, he could see two bloodthirsty-looking wretches who seemed capable of any crime. Nat Lee thundered an order to them to keep off, which they disregarded, and continued to advance, until a musket was pointed at them, when they pointed the head of the canoe toward the shore and disappeared as they had come.

"We ain't seen the last of them," muttered Lee. Tom Peaks, clear away the guns and get out the ammunition. Have the arm-chest unlocked, and bid Monte look after

"You can depend on me," replied Lockwood. "The brave girl has saved my life."

"I wanted to have her with me," said Nat, sadly. "How could I take care of the child of Tom Farley, my old shipmate, any other way? But, if I could have got her to leave me, she shouldn't have come this voyage. Hush."

The beautiful eyes opened, and a meaning look passed between the two. "Not much hurt, father Nat," said the disguised girl. "Take me below."

They reached Shanghai in safety, but Lockwood missed his companion in study, for the girl seldom came on deck, and avoided him. At Shanghai the captain gave her in charge of the lady of an American merchant, who dressed her as became her sex, and Lockwood, coming to the house on a visit, found a beautiful woman, a little browned by exposure to the sun and wind of the ocean, but with a certain native grace which he had never seen in woman before.

"Captain Lee's adopted daughter," said Mrs. Mordaunt. "I think you have seen her."

Nothing more was said, and the captain's daughter bent her head and a blush stole over her face. When the Lucy sailed, she, too, went, but James Lockwood carries her picture, and it is rumored that, when he returns to the United States next year, it is to find a wife in the person of the captain's ward.

And old Tom Frisbee claims the credit of the whole affair!

Recollections of the West.

Saved by a Grizzly.

BY CAPT. BRUN ADAMS.

In the spring of the year—it matters not what year—I was compelled to take a long and arduous journey—so considered even on the plains—from my ranch, on the Sweet Water branch of the Rio Platte, across the southern spurs of the Wind River Mountain, and so on, southward, to Bridger.

Furthermore, the trip was to be made alone, as my "partner," Ned Worland, or, as he was better known, Limber Ned, was off northward, looking after a *cache* that we had made the previous season.

Nor is it necessary to state my business, only so far as to say it was for the govern-

into the fastnesses, the more rugged and dangerous became the trail.

Upon every hand the great peaks shot up, with amazing heights, beetling cliffs, with seamed and broken faces, lifted themselves upon either side of the way, while here and there, gloomy caverns opened in the living rock, and yawning canons, whose bottoms, in the gloom that pervaded below, could not be seen.

I had crossed the Wind River range a score of times, but never where nature showed on so rugged and stupendous a scale as here.

Surely, I thought, there can be no human beings inhabiting this sterile region, and it so seldom traversed!

Some such thought as this was passing through my mind, as I rode slowly along a narrow ledge that overlooked a chasm on the left, and guarded on the right by a tall cliff, when suddenly the sharp, whip-like crack of a rifle smote my ear, and the instant following I heard and felt the ball, as it cut the air close to my ear.

There was no mistaking this salutation. The shot was meant for me, and I knew another would soon follow, and, perhaps, with better success for the marksman.

My eye had marked the puff of white smoke beyond the chasm, and slightly in front, and, while keenly watching the point, I saw a dark tube slowly project over a rock, and instantly become immovable, with its muzzle pointing directly to where I stood.

Calculating the time necessary to get the bead, I suddenly threw myself over the further side of my horse, sheltering my body from the assassin's aim.

As I went down the rifle cracked. I heard the ring and thud of the bullet, and instantly turned to mark the spot where it had struck the rock.

But it had found a softer lodgment. The miscreant had not aimed at me, but at the horse, and the ball had sped only too truly.

I felt, as I leaned my arm upon his neck, the poor beast suddenly shiver, at the same time utter a pitiful whinny, and then, as though nature had given way all at once, he dropped heavily forward, struggled an instant, and then rolled over into the abyss.

It was now a question of life or death in earnest.

To remain standing there a moment longer would be certain death, for again I caught sight of that black tube slowly emerging over the barrier that concealed the marksman.

Without further hesitation, I sprang forward on the trail, running as fast as the nature of the ground would permit, but all